The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1715 DEC. 3, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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Volume CXXXI No. 1715

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 3, 1932

THE LOYALTY OF LANCASHIRE

Wigan's Welcome to the Prince of Wales During H.R.H.'s Lancastrian Tour

Our Royal and Imperial Ambassador has been of late shedding the inspiration of his presence throughout the county hardest hit by the depression —Lancashire. Liverpool, Bolton, Warrington, Widnes, and Wigan were among the towns visited, a scene at the last-named — outside the Entwistle Club for Girls — appearing above. In his rapid but far from superficial survey, the Prince visited centres of cobbling, wood-work, mat-making, cookery, sewing, knitting, and a Rugby club where two unemployed teams were busily and healthily employing their enforced idleness—a game at which a guard of honour of limbless ex-Service men was mounted. Rain and wind could neither damp nor chill the exuberance of Lancashire's welcome. Leaving Warrington, H.R.H. commented that the whole tour had, he felt, been a tremendous success. One of the organizers stated that the trip had given fresh hope to the unemployed of the area, and Lord Derby said that it had heartened not only the Prince but all those with whom he had come into contact

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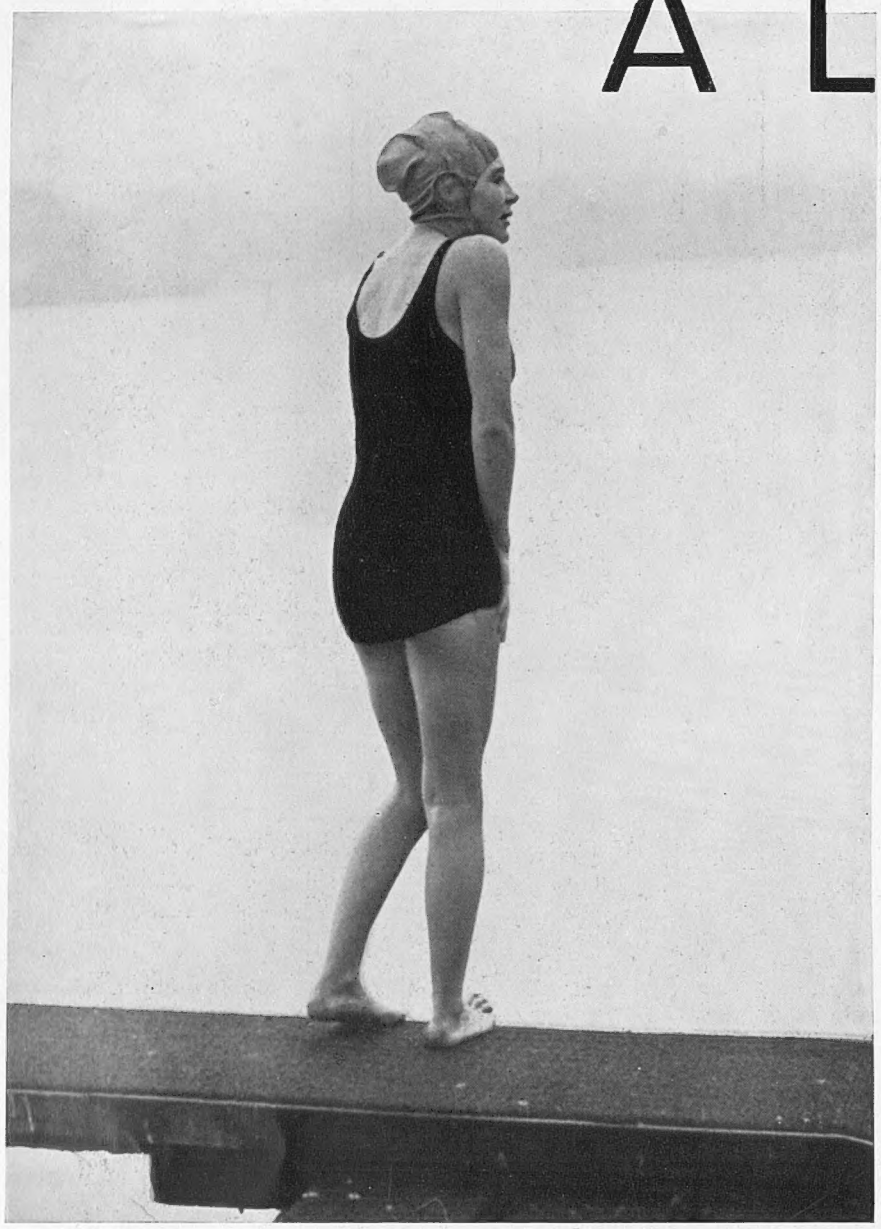
A London New



THE "DECADENT" YOUTH OF TO-DAY! No Spartan glorying in his (or her) hardiness could excel the vigour of such a woman as Miss Kathleen Smith, of the Polytechnic Swimming Club, who braved the recent cold snap to swim in the Serpentine on a morning when from the diving board of London's Lido "all but she had fled"

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 30, 1932.

A NEW SESSION.—The King's procession to the Houses of Parliament was in the traditional manner, ornate, formal, tradition-bound, long and slow. It was the very opposite of his speech. That speech is always most carefully prepared. It refers only to measures which the Government regard as vital, and of these, those least contentious are mentioned in the fewest words. Indeed, the King's Speech is worth studying; as a model of style and terseness it is a lesson to literary aspirants; and political students, who are not novices in the art of interpreting these necessarily restrained agenda, must have found it particularly interesting and instructive, as much for what it said as for what it left unsaid. For it sometimes happens that what a Government thinks of first-rate and pregnant import is not the same thing as what a Government thinks it ought to think, etc., etc., for the purposes of the King's Speech. The items on the agenda are grave enough in all conscience, though not so many new Bills are promised. For a great blank cheque must be drawn on Time's Bank to give free scope to discussions on three problems of acknowledged magnitude—War Debts, Disarmament, and Ireland. The first of these depends on America [and last week I suggested that her official spoken word is not necessarily an expression of her official mind], the second on civilization, and the third on de Valera (or the wild cat in the political bag of the Free State). None knows yet when or what demands will be made on that blank cheque. But there will be a Bill—the Socialists will call it a half-measure—to implement some of the Dole Commission's findings, a Bill to implement the Pig Commission's recommendations, and a Bill to amend the Rent Restrictions Act. And this last will be anathema to the Socialists. I suppose that in our chequered political history no Session ever opened that was so universally labelled *vital*. For besides contentious Bills which will raise class feelings at home in a winter of discontent which may be very severe, there are party issues awakening under the surface; while in the international sphere of politics, it is not too much to say that civilization is in the melting pot, and the issue is Armageddon or Millennium. And with the star performers already regarded (I think unjustifiably) as on the verge of collapse from overwork, the curtain goes up. The lights are turned down. We settle in our seats. The great act of the melodrama—a close kept secret known only to God—begins. Those of us who revel in sensations are glad to have lived to this day to join the thrilled first-night crowd.

UNNECESSARY STRAINS.—The Prime Minister made no secret that the strain of work and anxiety would be appallingly heavy this session. He spoke at a moment when rumour insists that he is cracking up from overwork. His doctors have denied this, and those who know are satisfied that he is in fine fettle, and fit and keen for the work. But the fact remains that he will have to face in the ordinary routine heavy responsibilities of office of which, not being vital in a crisis, he ought to be relieved. Take Patronage, for instance. Practically all appointments, such as those of bishops, deans, colonial governors, and so forth, fall to-day to be decided ultimately by the Premier, who does the job admirably and conscientiously. But it is most tiresome and heavy routine work, and none of his lieutenants volunteer to relieve him of it. It is true he is advised by committees (of bishops, etc.) and by the appropriate departments. But unquestionably the final decisions might temporarily be departmentalized. It is as anomalous that a Premier to-day should be thus burdened and his valuable time mortgaged, as that a bishop should be forced to expend the best of his energies on such problems as the vicarage bathroom.

. . . .

And apart from above-board and routine labours, the Premier anticipates with certainty a great deal of worry from party issues and undercurrents. House of Lords Reform and major economy cuts are issues about which private members of more than one party feel to-day very strongly. In the pressure of critical legislation the former is like (once more and for ever!) to go by the board, and the latter will break up and fade away before the entrenched line of the vested interests in Whitehall. And then, in rage or disappointment, party camps will be formed, and the Premier's peace of mind will be seriously disturbed. He will have inevitably to make a half-turn to face a new danger from behind. And this is not wild prophecy. It is writ in our political history.

"HOUSE OF LORDS OR SENATE?"—I have now had an opportunity of reading the pamphlet with the above title to which I referred lately. It is the work of Colonel Cuthbert Headlam and Mr. Duff Cooper. The publication of Lord Salisbury's Committee's Report came when the pamphlet was in type and receives only cursory review. But I am glad it so fell out, for the features common to the two plans thereby gain in authority. Lord Salisbury's Report considered the problem under two main headings—powers and personnel; and I am interested to note that the pamphlet subscribes to my opinion that, until the latter is settled to general agreement, the question of powers is not worth discussing. For the great difference between the two plans is the hereditary issue. Lord Salisbury compromises on it, retaining a self-elected hereditary moiety. Messrs. Headlam and Duff Cooper reject it, with regret but inevitably. They argue that either an effective Second Chamber is necessary or it is not. If not, the present House of Lords serves the purpose adequately. If it is necessary, a Chamber must be created which is open to all classes and all schools of political thought. A Chamber which includes a moiety of self-elected peers and a moiety elected by a section of the Privy Council (as an alternative to local authorities) could not command the general confidence of the country in these days. And I am bound to agree that only a Chamber composed entirely (or almost entirely) of members who hold their seats directly or indirectly by popular suffrage can hope to regain the powers which these two experienced writers propose for it, namely, just those powers which the House of Lords exercised before the Parliament Act.

THE THRONE AND AN HEREDITARY NOBILITY.—Such power the reformed Chamber would be expected to employ with restraint, as indeed the House of Lords usually did. It would neither hamper nor obstruct, nor claim dual control. It would be a body in reserve against the day of madness. It would be there to save the country from a House of Commons which had run riot beyond its mandate. I will refer to but two other points. Election by Local Authorities is an item in both schemes and the pamphlet argues that such election would be more likely to raise the standard of County and Borough Councils than to lower the standard of Second Chamber representation. Again, the pamphlet refers to the obvious objection to the abolition of the hereditary principle on the ground that it would infringe the Royal Prerogative and in general isolate the Throne and leave no buffer between the Sovereign and the People. It was an objection which the late Lord Birkenhead strenuously upheld. Colonel Headlam and Mr. Duff Cooper declare that abolition would affect, not the King's Prerogative but the Prime Minister's patronage. The Sovereign, in short, would still create peers fitted for an hereditary nobility (which the Throne and Society does need), but not hereditary legislators, put forward by party considerations or substantiating a claim to a high dignity by methods not always exalted nor single-minded. This is a study of a burning question which everyone who cares for our ancient Constitution should read carefully.

PAPA BREAKS SILENCE.—And now, just when we are getting a little tired of War novels and War disclosures, Papa Joffre sums up. The first of all War leaders, he is the last to speak. For fourteen years Papa has sat with sphinx-like smile and hands on knees while the younger fry told the tale and laid down the law, and if Joffre's summing up is authoritative and masterly, then we must revive our estimates of War historians and dethrone one or two of our pundits. I suppose no war book made a deeper impression on Englishmen—in the light it threw on the appalling effect on the conduct of campaigns of personal antipathies between allied commanders—than did General Spears' *Liaison*. General Spears is an acknowledged authority, and much of General Maurice's writing also has been regarded as gospel for historians. We believed (may we say, we hoped) that no new light remained to be thrown on the first months of the War. But now Papa has yawned, and sat up and kicked with ruthless foot the smouldering embers, and thrown new lurid light on the events of the Marne. The pundits must look to their laurels; another wave of War controversy must break over our battered heads. Papa has spoken, and it is all to do again. Mercifully for us, Joffre stoutly upholds the loyalty and co-operation of his British confrères, but Pétain and the French politicians come off very badly.

CIGARETTE-MAKERS' ROMANCE.—A habit which is indulged in 45,000,000,000 times every year in Britain merits a periodical celebration. So it is proper that the cigarette-makers—who are in the select circle of spoilt darlings of industry—should be now making preparations for the centenary of the cigarette. The origin of the cigarette is wrapped in mystery and rice-paper. There is reasonable ground for fixing on 1832 as the year of its introduction to England via Syria and the Army of Egypt. And if we accept 1832 we add to the weight of that year's claim to be the greatest reformer in our history. It is fair to say that the biggest impetus to the fashion of cigar and cigarette-smoking alike came to England during the Crimea. But there is no doubt that in the early 'thirties the cigarette habit was catching on, and we can therefore review a century of fag-smoking. It was anathema to the Dundreary cigar-smokers, as they lounged in the saddle-room talking horse and worse. It was still anathema to them when they were promoted to the kitchen after the cook had retired to bed. As late as 1896 it was forbidden in the dining-room till the ladies had left; as late as 1904 it was forbidden to young men dining for a dance. Right up to the present century its fumes clung to the curtains and upholstery and excommunicated it from sitting-rooms where ladies sat. Always it was a war which enlarged its charter. War implies the loosening of restraints and conventions. After the Boer War, it came in with Bridge, and cigar-smoking King Edward smiled on the practice even among women.

sletter

INGENIOUS PUBLICITY.—And so it grew, a great industry whose modern publicity methods we have been privileged to watch from the cradle. The history of the cigarette card has, I think, been written. It runs through the gamut of South African War Generals, of musical comedy actresses, Zoo animals, nursery rhymes, football and cricket stars, wild flowers, and film stars. Complete collections sell at the price of rare first edition collections. The cigarette card habit has sharpened the wits of the nation's youth. In its way cigarette advertising was the forerunner of the B.B.C. It broadcast potted knowledge, mild uplift, and general information. It succeeded. The Upper House is steeped in the cigarette-maker's romance. I dare not say how many hundred millions the Cigarette Emperors have contributed to charity and the Exchequer. The Great War came and made the cigarette habit universal. In the nursery, blotting-paper faded out before the real article. The cigarette invaded the bedroom now, and girls smoked between courses at dinner, while dancing, and with their early tea. The debt owed to the cigarette by soldiers in the trenches and in the clearing stations, no choice of superlatives can adequately assess. The wounded could draw comfort from a cigarette when he had not strength to raise his right hand. Who will estimate the influence of the cigarette on the social life of the last fifty years? That influence must be considered in divisions and sub-divisions. Take a single aspect—the drama. It is not too much to say that the cigarette of the drawing-room comedy has revolutionized—to the detriment of the drama in my poor view—the arts of play-writing and play-acting. Or take . . . But enough. The centenary of the cigarette is of national import. I write with the grudging respect of a die-hard pipe-smoker. I am a Baldwinite and I believe our cause is holding its own. The economic depression has helped us to keep our heads above water. For two decades men have openly smoked their pipes in the bow windows of Boodle's, down St. James's Street, yes, and in the dining-rooms of Mayfair after formal dinners. The pipe holds its own. I am not so confident about the cigar, which is for Lucullus and Crœsus. But the cigarette is paramount.

CHRISTMAS COMES.—Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it lasts—two months. And here I notice a welcome change. Christmas shopping has been made easy at last, and this achieved miracle, for generations deemed impossible, may be directly traced to the entry into trade of members of the upper classes who brought with them to their tasks a highly specialized and critical faculty for presenting trifles in an attractive form, a taste, an insight, a sympathy (born of experience of the insides of English country houses) which result in displays at three or four at least of the great stores and a dozen specializing shops, which there and then resolve the problem in one hour of glorious choice. In such Christmas-gift departments as I have in mind, you simply can't go wrong with such (once ticklish) items as lamp shades, flower vases, cigarette boxes, and I could name a dozen more such trifles. A century after it arrived in Paris, Taste has come to London shopland, and Christmas shopping is turned from a purgatory to a pleasure.

THE FIRST TEST.—England turns out on the historic battlefield of Sydney with her tail well up. We have seldom made a more impressive start to an Australian tour, and that start is the more welcome because it surprised us all. Our Test players left England to the sympathetic head-shakings of a nation of pessimists. Our bowlers have made the wizards Woodfull and Bradman scratch their heads and think, and several strong State and other elevens do duty in the field for two-thirds of the playing hours. And now because of our successes and the failure of Australia's stars, we shake our heads again. Our bowlers have had their little hour; Bradman and Woodfull have got all their trump (or Trumper) cards up their sleeves. We generally like to lose the first Test, but there is nothing else to justify a deficiency complex. Sutcliffe, Pataudi, and Wyatt are now at the top of their form; Jardine, Leyland, and Hammond have all impressed. Ames' slow return to form with the bat has perhaps settled the difficult question of wicket-keeper choice for the first Test (but there are four others). Larwood, Allen, Voce, and Verity start with newly-minted reputations, while Bowes and Brown may be justly suspected of having shots in their lockers of unknown deadliness.

THE OLD STAGER.

MR. VICTOR SMITH, the South African airman who, undeterred by his forced landing near Croydon, has announced his intention of trying to reduce "Amy's" time to the Cape to 2½ days during the full moon of this month or next

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: Mr. Martyn Green (who is taking some of the rôles hitherto played by Sir Henry Lytton) laid the wreath on the Sullivan memorial in Embankment Gardens on the thirty-second anniversary of the composer's death

CHRISTMAS is upon us, as not only the bazaars in the great department stores but the itinerant vendors by the kerb attest. This scene in Caledonian Market shows one such enterprising salesman the variety of whose wares would satisfy even the spoiled child of an American millionaire. The north kerb of Holborn is another famous pitch for the penny and twopenny toy hawkers

THE WIND SCREEN adopted by spectators at the hockey match between the South and the Rest of the South at Merton Abbey

A DELEGATE FROM THE EAST: Mr. N. C. Kelkar (Poona), one of the delegates to the Round Table Conference, leaves Buckingham Palace

OUT IN THE OPEN

AT COWDRAY PARK: A beat in progress during Lord Cowdray's shooting party at his enchanting Sussex seat. The Midhurst-Petworth-Billingshurst area is one of the great southern beauty spots

GUESTS OF LORD COWDRAY: Colonel and Mrs. Leatham at the shooting party at Cowdray Park. The weather this autumn has been on the mild side so that a cigarette and a respite from the sport of the day is not a freezing torment

FORK AT THE SLOPE: Sir Frederick Keeble, the famous botanist, and Lady Keeble (Miss Lillah McCarthy) off for a day in their lovely garden at Boar's Hill

THE GOBBLER TO BE GOBBLED: The heaviest turkey in East Yorkshire is posed for the camera by a farmerette before he graces the Xmas table

THE CROSS-SHOT: Lord Digby "has a bang" at Lord Cowdray's shooting party. His loader is seen to hold two cartridges between his fingers that no possible chance may be lost through avoidable delay

CELEBRATIONS of EAST and WEST

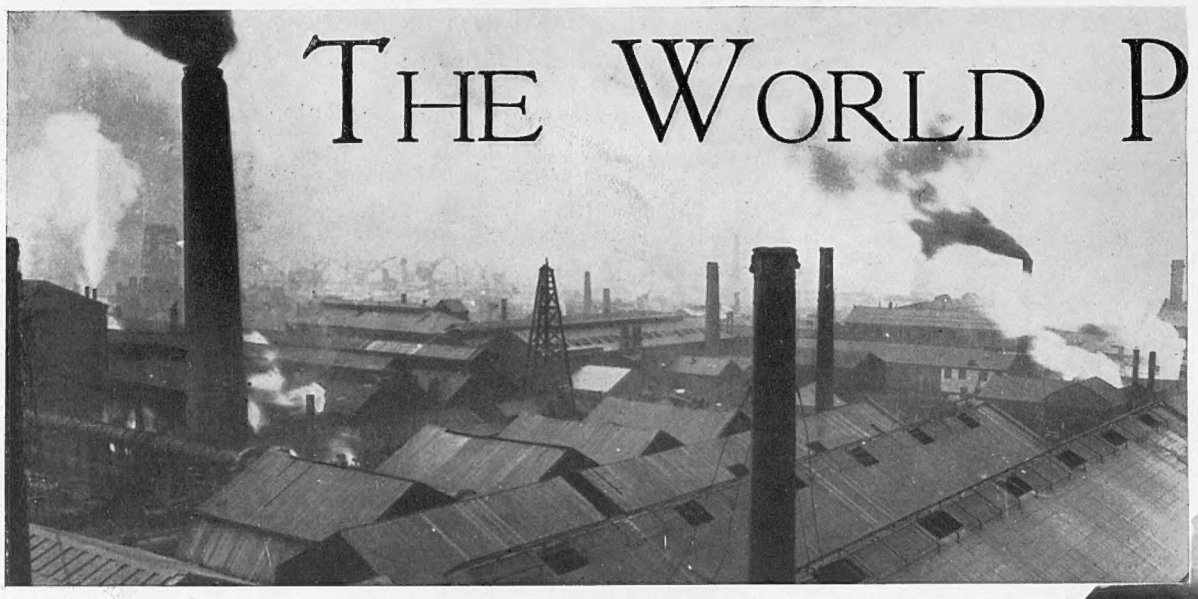
THE FÊTE DE LA GRISETTE

One of the most attractive of Parisian festivals is that organized by the Free Commune of Montmartre. The traditional costumes of the "Vie de Bohème" are worn and when, as occurred this year, fine weather favours the gala it is a picturesque sight and a jolly function. One of the grisettes is seen above with the soldiers of the Commune

A RAJA ATTAINS HIS MAJORITY

H.H. Raja Har Indar Singh Bahadur, Raja of Faridkot (Punjaub), in the opulent setting of his Durbar Hall during the festivities held to celebrate his coming-of-age. In the Delhi Durbar of 1911, a young prince of the House of Faridkot—Kunwar Sheo Indar Singh of Faridkot—was a page to the Governor-General

THE WORLD PARADOX:



"SUCH INDUSTRIES AS ARE EXPANDING . . . ARE, IN THE MAIN, MACHINE INDUSTRIES": A typical skyscape at Middlesbrough

"In Brazil, comrades, they are burning coffee in the power-house boilers. In California you can see huge heaps of rotting oranges. In Java the Dutch have been burning tea, in Canada they have been burning wheat. Last week, comrades, at Lowestoft thousands of herrings were offered at 2s. 6d. a cran. There were no buyers, no buyers for a thousand herrings for half-a-dollar, and they were thrown back in the sea. Yet here we are, us and our families and our comrades, the Hunger Marchers, short of coffee and tea, paying dear for bread, herrings at tuppence a time, and can't afford to buy oranges. Why is this? Because of Capitalism. Capitalism rotting and collapsing. Food rots or is destroyed while workers starve."

This is an extract from a speech made last week by a "Red" propagandist at a meeting at Highbury Corner, one of the best-known open-air forums in London. Not that the place is of any particular importance or the name of the speaker, for the same statement, a glib half-truth, is being repeated day in and day out by propagandists throughout the country. And for that matter all over the world as well—a glib half-truth, but one that carries weight these days.

It is the world paradox, an unsaleable surplus coexistent with unsatisfied demand. There are in the world to-day vast surpluses of goods that cannot find a market, millions of unemployed, and a huge unsatisfied demand for commodities of all kinds. Not long ago Mr. James Maxton gave in a speech in the House a practical and vivid example of the puzzle in its relation to both raw material and manufactured goods.

"Recently," he said, "I was visiting some mining villages in Wales. In one house I went into the washhouse and the people apologized for the fact that there was no wash-basin or hot water because, they said, 'You see, this is only a miner's house.' I have just left my own town of Barrhead in Scotland, where my intimate friends are practically all engaged in the work of sanitary engineering making wash-hand basins. . . . At the present time they are all working short time . . . they are also anxious to have coal for their fires. I leave Barrhead, where my friends are unemployed, because there is no demand for baths or wash-basins, and I go to South Wales, where I find the miners want wash-basins and are unable to get them. These miners are unemployed because my engineering friends in Barrhead are unable to buy coal."

All of which is quite true, just as it is true that coffee has been burnt in Brazil, wheat in Canada, tea in Java, and herrings thrown into the sea at Lowestoft. Mr. Maxton makes it seem very simple, just a matter of barter which he could doubtless arrange under his particular Socialist scheme. In reality it is one of the most difficult problems in the world.

We get nearer to the realities when we analyse Mr. Maxton's example. His friends in Barrhead have not really got wash-basins to offer in exchange for coal. Basins exist in superabundant quantities. *What they are offering is labour.* Similarly his friends in South Wales have not coal but labour to offer. The Barrhead people are not short of coal because coal is not available. There is an actual glut of coal in Britain to-day. It is not wash-basins and coal that have to be produced in order to resolve the world paradox, but purchasing power. And so we arrive at the underlying problems of world population and labour-saving machinery. For world population and unemployment are part of the same problem. Likewise a surplus supply of labour means unemployment, which in its turn means low purchasing power. As near as can be estimated, there are about 16,000,000 persons unemployed in the world to-day, all with low purchasing power. If they were all at work there probably would not be huge, unsaleable surpluses of coffee, wheat, tea, and other commodities.

Examination of the world population figures reveals some surprising facts. It was as long ago as 1798 that the Rev. T. R. Malthus stated the principle of population, namely, that "it may be safely pronounced that population when unchecked goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years, or increases in a geometrical ratio." This in fact was the experience of the United States, where such a rate of increase was noted for over a century and a half. The population of the world, in spite of wars, pestilences, and famines, is now doubling itself in 105 years. This is the calculation of Sir George Knibbs, the first Commonwealth statistician in Australia, meaning that at the present rate of increase the population of the world would be doubled by the year 2037, and quadrupled by 2142. These dates may seem a long way off and remote from our present problems, but they are no farther distant than 1837, when Queen Victoria was alive, and 1718, when Queen Anne was not long dead. In 1928, when the economic blizzard was starting to blow, the population of the world was 1,950,000,000. To-day it is well over the 2,000,000,000 mark. So with a vast decrease in world production there has been a vast increase in the number of persons requiring work or maintenance.

And here is a vital fact that concerns British production, and so British employment and Empire trade. The population of the British Empire is approximately 496,000,000. Only one-seventh of the population of the Empire is white, i.e. has a high purchasing power of manufactured goods. Of these 72,000,000, about 50,000,000 live in the British Isles. This leaves the white men in the Empire at one in twenty to the coloured population. What has an even more important bearing on unemployment in Britain, particularly in the textile manufacturing areas, is that India with its 352,000,000 accounts for nearly three-fourths of the population of the Empire. To-day, and for the past five years, millions in India have been swayed or intimidated by the cry, "Boycott British goods." You may see the result of the campaign at the Labour Exchanges in Bolton, Burnley, and elsewhere.

There is, in fact, though the politicians seem reluctant to admit it, a direct connection between the increase in population and the present volume of unemployment both in Britain and other countries. That is not to say that we cannot hope to find work and maintenance for the whole of our present population, but it does suggest that with population continually increasing and with rationalization tending towards the employment of fewer men or women for a given job, population and employment tend to get out of relation. It is true that an increasing population requires increasing production. It is also true that new inventions create new demands and that a rising standard of living, at any rate in Britain, has transformed the luxuries of yesterday into the necessities of to-day, but the relation between population and employment has got out of harmony. The glib-tongued orators of the street-corner and the market-place blame Capitalism for unemployment. The truth is that in Britain to-day there are many more people *at work* than before the War, enjoying higher wages, with more money in savings and a higher standard of living, but that industry, hit by war and crippled by taxation, has been unable to absorb the increased number of applicants for work.

In 1928 the Industrial Transference Board, set up by the Government of the day, examined the problem of unemployment in Britain. It faced the fact that there was no simple and positive cure for unemployment, and admitted that one of the things wrong with industry is that too many people are seeking to obtain a living out of it. It also raised an important point that we see being worked out to-day, the relation of business to babies, the effect of the birth-rate on unemployment. The Board's Report said:

"The rate of increase in the population of the country generally is slackening, a fact which is illustrated by a comparison of the numbers of persons who attained fourteen and fifteen years of age in 1911 and 1921 with the number who will attain these ages in 1928, 1931, and 1940. In 1911, 1,545,000 males and females in Great Britain attained the ages of fourteen and fifteen; in 1921, 1,641,000. In 1928 it is estimated that the number will fall to 1,602,000; in 1931 to 1,382,000, and after a rise beginning in 1934 will be 1,384,000 in 1940."

"THEY ARE BURNING COFFEE IN BRAZIL": An aspect of the movement to limit and control output and maintain a balance of price

It is interesting to compare this forecast made in 1928 with the situation existing to-day. There is an actual shortage of juvenile labour in certain trades and districts. The new entrants into Unemployment Insurance numbered 65,345 in August 1927, as compared with 57,460 in August 1930, and 54,103 in August 1932.

The Transference Board described the birth-rate as "an important factor that promises to make the problem (of unemployment) more soluble." The figures given above would seem to prove the truth of these words.

The same Board pointed out in its Report that "such industries in Great Britain as are expanding to-day, e.g. electrical engineering, motor car manufacture, artificial silk, furniture-making, printing and publishing, are, in the main, machine industries, which obtain a high rate of productivity with a relatively small labour force." From which statement arises the whole problem of rationalization and labour-saving machinery. Rationalization and machinery inevitably displace labour, tending all the time to increase the output per individual unit and reduce cost. Rationalization has been roundly condemned, denounced as an aggravation of unemployment, and a vicious form of Capitalism. But there is another side to the story which is not so easily adapted for propaganda speeches.

Just about a century ago bands of men and women known as the Luddites went about in the industrial districts smashing up the then newly-introduced machinery. They did this because they thought that machinery caused unemployment. To-day there are a dozen industries in which labour-saving machinery has not only resulted in lower prices, making luxuries into necessities, but has increased employment. Mass production of motor cars depends upon the use of the conveyor system in one form or another, and the wholesale stamping out by machine of metal bodies and wings. If labour-saving conveyors and metal stamps had not been invented, mass production of cheap motor cars, and so cheap transport, would not have been achieved, and there would not have been work for thousands dependent to-day upon that industry.

Millions to-dav all over the world bless the name of Woolworth. The secret of the cheap store is again mass production by machine. History records the surprised delight of Queen Elizabeth on being given one pair of silk stockings. To-day, thanks to the introduction of improved methods of manufacture replacing hand labour by machine, silk and artificial silk stockings and clothes have ceased to be a luxury and have come to be regarded as necessities. These

The Problem of the Unsaleable Surplus and the Unsatisfied Need: An Examination of the Question of Overproduction

By J. BAKER-WHITE

machine methods of production have provided employment for thousands and cheap goods for millions.

I was shown recently the figures relative to a cigarette factory. The introduction of new machines led to the reduction of the staff from thirty-five to ten, but the subsequent increase in demand led to the introduction of more machines and the original staff of thirty-five became one hundred. One of the secrets of the success of the home fruit and vegetable canning industry is the manufacture of tins by machine. Without the mass machine production of these containers canning would not be an economic proposition, the public's food would be dearer, and many fruit and vegetable growers the poorer.

BULB DESTRUCTION: The burning of 15,000,000 bulbs in Holland—a repercussion of the tariff duties imposed against alien growers by Britain

"THE PROBLEM OF AGRICULTURAL LABOUR DISPLACED BY TRACTORS": The £6,000 machine called the gyro-tiller which tills and harrows an acre an hour and needs only one man to run it

Rationalization in any form *does* displace labour. It always has and always will, but it means eventually cheaper production, greater demand, and in the long run more employment. The process is not a speedy one—the problem of agricultural labour displaced by tractors has got to be solved—it is hard on the craftsman, but in the end it is to the economic advantage of the majority. Since the War British industry has been rationalized, more and more labour-saving machinery has been introduced. Yet the number of persons employed in industry increased from 12,739,000 in 1911 to 18,354,000 in 1921. To-day we have an appalling total of unemployed, but the blame cannot be laid at the door of rationalization. Very little of the unemployment in the coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding and shipping industries is due to the introduction of labour-saving machinery.

Rationalization is a contributory and temporary factor in unemployment, but there is no doubt that when the world depression lifts the most highly rationalized industries will benefit first and provide the first vacancies for more workers. If further proof of the economic soundness of rationalization and machinery is needed, it is provided by the following table prepared from Ministry of Labour statistics:

PERCENTAGE OF UNEMPLOYED, SEPTEMBER, 1932.

Coal	38.7
Iron and Steel Manufacture	46.6
Shipbuilding	59.5
Shipping	33.4
Electrical Engineering	16.3
Motor Car Manufacture	20.0
Food Production	15.0 (approx.)
Furniture Making	19.9
Tobacco	7.2
Paper and Paper Board	12.6
Boot and Shoe Industry	20.0

The tobacco industry probably uses more labour-saving machinery than any other in the country.

Those who believe that machine production is a vice of Capitalism would do well to study industry and agriculture in Russia. The Soviet Government is making every possible effort to collectivize and mechanize agriculture. The small peasant holdings are being merged into big farms and the peasants put to work in gangs. More and more tractors are being used—the Government plans to increase the number by 83,000 this year—and there is a widespread employment of "combines" which reap and thresh the corn at the same time. Sowing is even being done by aeroplane in certain districts, and the whole trend of Russian agriculture is towards more mechanization.

In industry it is the same. The recent agitation in the Lancashire cotton industry against the "more looms per weaver" system was led by the Communists. In Russia, in the more modern mills, the weavers work more looms than their comrades in Lancashire. Similarly the Communists are bitterly opposed to payment by results and bonuses for increased production. The Soviet uses both methods widely. Russia may be the "Workers' State," but the Government is sparing no effort to introduce labour-saving machinery.

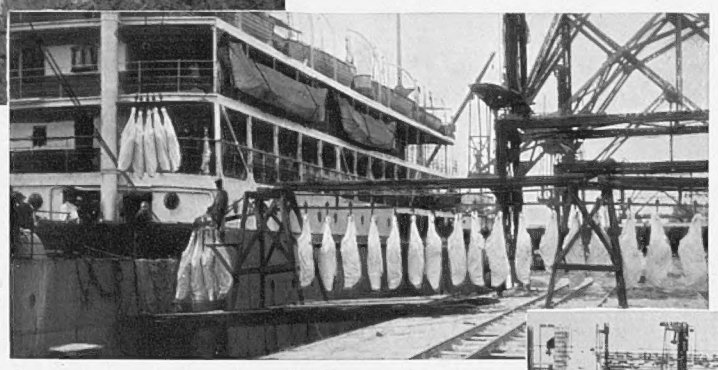
It is often said to-day that we are faced with an enormous permanent over-production of commodities and a permanent unemployed portion of the world population. I am sufficiently an optimist to refuse to accept this view. Actually "over-production" is a false and misleading term. There is coffee to burn in Brazil and herrings to throw into the sea at Lowestoft *because of a lack of planned production*. For that we must blame the post-War boom. One hears a lot of loose talk nowadays about the "coming boom." My limited but continual experience of industry has taught me to look upon booms as dangerous and evil things. The economic chaos of to-day is the result of a boom which led to unplanned, unrestricted production. A graph of the trade cycle of the last 100 years shows sharp curves up and down, from boom to slump and back to boom. If it is possible for the World Economic Conference or any other agency to introduce some system to prevent booms, they will go a long way towards preventing slumps. When prices soar suddenly as they did after the War you get unrestricted production both of raw materials and manufactured goods. When prices fall there is an enormous surplus left.

The need of the world to-day is planned production. The coal industry of Britain is coming to planned production, the chemical industry has come to it, and the steel industry is moving in the same direction. In the shipbuilding industry redundant goods are being scrapped. Planned production does not need State control. It can be done through the existing industrial organizations, national and international. The salvation of the world does not lie in tariffs or dumping—both are forms of economic warfare—but in production upon a settled plan. Before that can be achieved the existing exchange restrictions in various countries must be removed. It will probably be necessary to face the highly controversial problem of the revaluation of silver. An enormous part of the world's population uses a silver currency, and the revaluation of silver seems to be the only way to increase their purchasing power. There are all sorts of snags in the silver problem, but it has got to be faced sooner or later. *For the crux of the whole problem is purchasing power.*

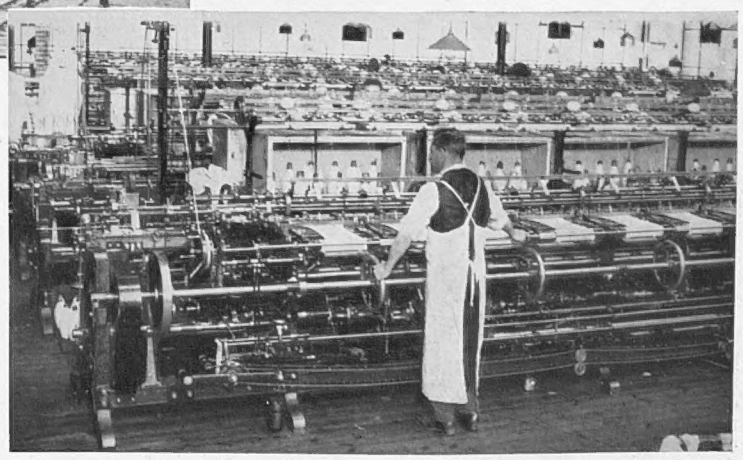
So far as permanent unemployment is concerned, the world must face the fact that until population is again in harmony with production there will be a surplus of labour. But if the things mentioned above come into being, it need not after a period of ten years—for it will take that time to put the world straight—be an enormous surplus. In this country, if industry were working at full pressure, we should probably find that there were about 500,000 souls for whom there was no work. The remedy, of course, is emigration, but emigration cannot be resumed on any extensive scale until there is economic recovery in the Dominions. If we could look forward ten years, and assume that the ten years had been spent in world economic recovery, we should probably find that there were about 5,000,000 people in the world wholly or partially unemployed. But in ten years the falling birth-rate of 1920–30 will be having an effect on the populations of the producing countries.

There is a school of thought in Britain to-day that finds it fashionable to throw up its pale hands in despair, declare that Capitalism is collapsing, and seek hope only in Sovietism. Living in continual contact with industry I believe that there is more hope for economic recovery to-day than there has been these last ten years. Things are a bit better in Sheffield, there is a bit more anthracite going abroad, Lancashire has prospects, more cars are being registered, there are a few less ships swinging idle on the tide in the Tyne. I believe these are straws in the wind. *The main need of industry at the moment is new capital for machinery replacement and, above all, relief from taxation.*

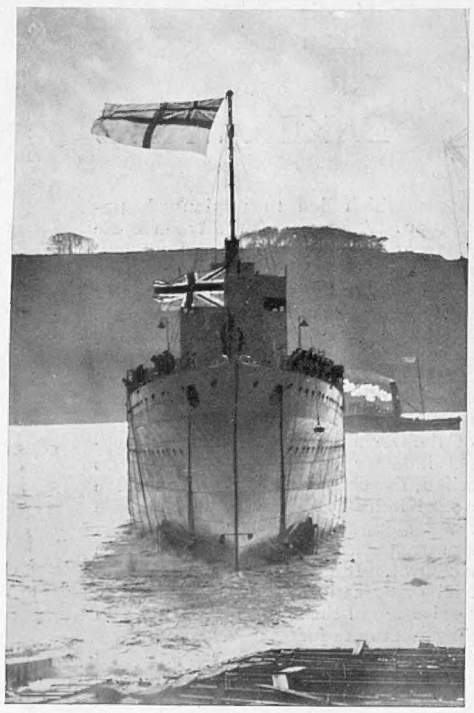
Nearly a quarter of the whole national income is being taken by taxation, and in 1931–32 the payers of income-tax and surtax provided nearly one-half the total revenue from direct taxation as well as a share of indirect taxation. To give an example of the burden of the social services alone on two basic industries, the cost of them in the iron and steel trade rose from 2.6d. per ton in 1913 to 8d. per ton in 1931, and in the coal industry from 4d. in 1913 to 9½d. at the present time. Britain's salvation lies not in Sovietism or any form of State control. It lies in the determination and courage of those who control industry and work in it.



"PRODUCTION UPON A SETTLED PLAN": The meat trade is one of the first to be intelligently controlled—a picture from La Plata of sides of chilled beef from the Argentine



"LABOUR-SAVING MACHINERY INCREASES EMPLOYMENT" by enabling goods to be produced cheaply. The silk stocking trade (one of whose machines at Nottingham is seen above) is a striking instance



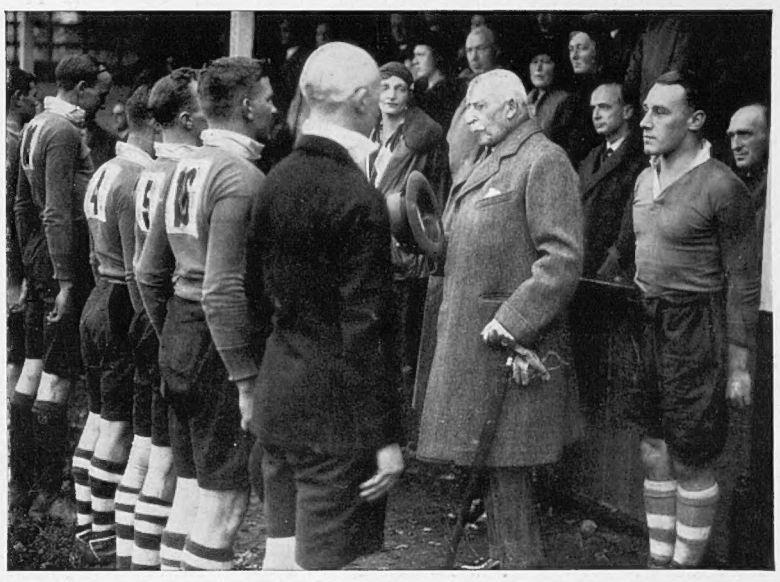
H.M.S. *ORION*, the £1,600,000 third cruiser of the *Leander* class, launched by Lady Eyres-Monsell at Devonport. The *Orion* carries one or two aeroplanes

THE NEW UNIFORM, with its open-necked tunic and shirt and plus fours, shown at New Scotland Yard

THE NEW PACK which divides into two, and the lower half of which, being detachable, can be left behind in battle

A FAMOUS ITALIAN TENOR: Signor Beniamino Gigli has left his native Italy to fulfil an engagement at the Sports Palace, Berlin, where he made a great success

THE BOYCOTTED STATUE of M. Clemenceau was unveiled a few days ago. It is held by members of The Tiger's family that the monument and its emplacement are unworthy of the G.O.M. of France and Clemenceau himself had wished another sculptor to create his memorial—hence the boycott

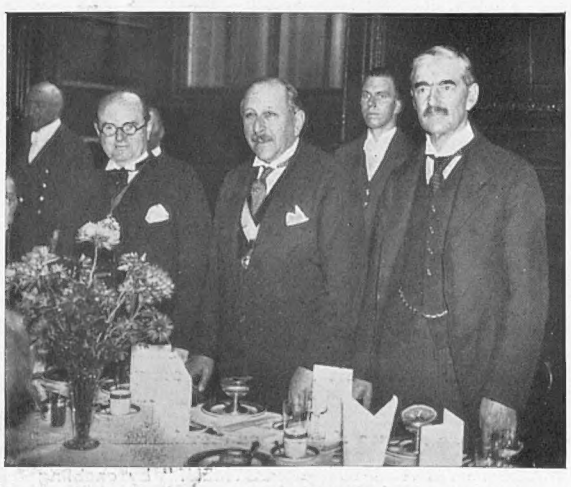


THE DOYEN OF ROYALTY: The Duke of Connaught, who has again forgone his Riviera winter as an example inspiring others to keep British money in Britain, was present at Sidmouth's Rugby Jubilee match against Devonport United Services. H.R.H. greeted the teams

A SWISS HOLIDAY is not only the prerogative of Europeans and Americans. Prince Azam Jah and Princess Durru Shevar of Hyderabad are here seen at Davos

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL of the Irish Free State, Mr. Donal Buckley (Domhnall Ua Bua Challa), who is to succeed Sir James McNeill

CAPTAIN LARSEN, who has been in London recently making arrangements for sledge journeys over considerable distances in the Antarctic



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER with Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld and the Lord Mayor at the luncheon given by the Company of Newspapers at which he jokingly referred to the profound knowledge of the modern press

A THESPIAN BETROTHAL: Mr. Harold Warrender, the nephew of Lord Shaftesbury, and a brother of Sir Victor Warrender, now acting at the Strand, and Miss Ann Todd, who is playing at Wyndham's, are engaged to be married

ROADS TO and FROM ROME

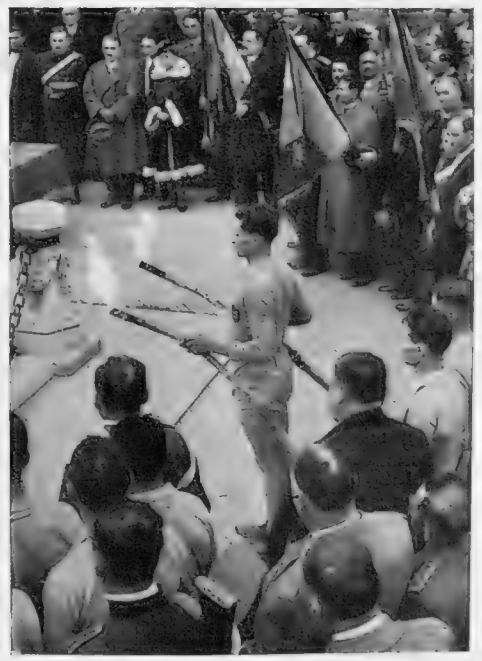
FRAMED IN AN ANTIQUE ARCH: The opening stretch of the new Strade del Mare seen from the newly excavated Theatre of Marcellus. This is one of the many new roads constructed by Il Duce

MILITARY TRANSPORT running along the new road pass the Arch of Titus to the Colosseum

TANKS DEFILE PAST IL DUCE on the occasion of the birthday of King Victor Emmanuel, when the entire garrison of Rome—9,000 strong—paraded on the new Via del Impero. This new route—one of the many inaugurated, revived, amended or created by Mussolini—runs by the Colosseum

LEON TROTSKY, seen during his flying visit to the ruins of Pompeii, where he stopped for a short time *en route* to Denmark

FRANCE'S INTEREST IN HER NAVY: The Seventh Nautical Salon was inaugurated by President Lebrun a few days ago. He is seen above with M. Leygues, Minister of Marine (*on left*), regarding and discussing the exhibits in the Department of the Military Marine

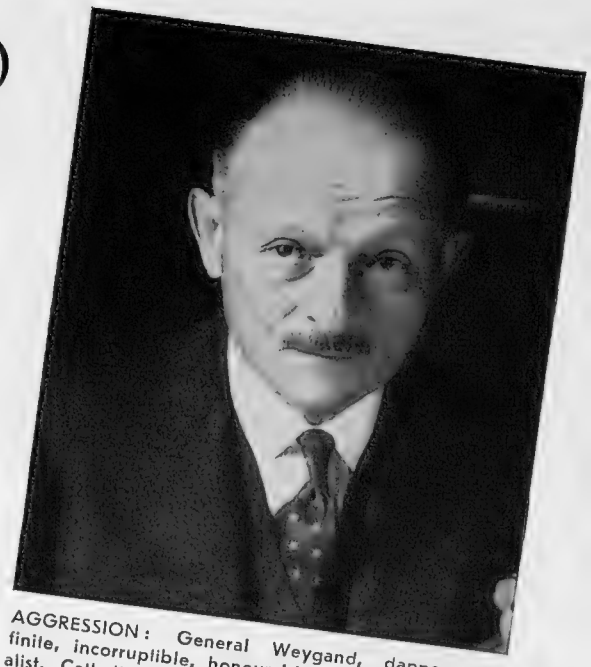


ARMISTICE DAY IN BUCAREST: The last courier yields up the banners at the grave of the Unknown Soldier

THE TWO FACES of FRANCE

By FERDINAND TUOHY

CONCILIATION: M. Léon Blum, Socialist, incorruptible, rich, honourable, energetic, versatile, accurate, free trader, and internationally akin to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald



AGGRESSION: General Weygand, dapper, definite, incorruptible, honourable, energetic, Nationalist, Catholic, Academician, and in position akin to Lord Kitchener

Even if two-thirds of a nation be out of sympathy with what its Government is doing internationally, it is none the less "France" or "Italy" or "Germany" entire of which we hear. A whole country is, in alien eyes, the current policy of its Government. The dissenting section, perhaps majority on occasion, is just yanked along, all going in under the one national label. The exact mind may rebel; its one refuge lies in analysis.

A good example is contemporary France. One doubts if the arbitrary national label is anywhere less representative of a whole people. There are most decidedly two Frances to-day, as sharply defined as could be, yet one you hardly ever hear of because it is not currently official, of the Quai d'Orsay and Geneva and governmental travels and pronouncements and plans. It may be some day, and then it will become *France*, leaving reactionaries grinding their teeth at such desecration of the glorious word—though hardly more so, maybe, than their opponents are exercising their molars to-day.

Fortunately, the story can be told through two men. There are other elements and divisions, but quite lesser ones. The two faces of France, on the threshold of 1933, are those of General Weygand and Léon Blum, the Socialist leader. In these two men are incorporated the diametrically opposed theories of how France should act and be before the world. A Herriot is suspended mistily somewhere between; also a Paul Boncour.

With the soldier is identified all the intransigence, right or wrong, with which Paris has faced ex-allies and ex-enemies alike ever since Versailles (with one or two conciliatory Briand interludes). Weygand believes only in a strongly armed France, able to defend herself by attacking, at the briefest warning: his reading of the thrice-cursed or blessed term "security." The civilian, against this, believes in considerable disarmament as a means—the one means—to true security. This is the fundamental difference between the two. As may well be imagined, it has the effect of opposing the pair, one against the other, in almost everything else, because this question of how to secure security—whether by making cannons or by making friends—dominates French politics as it does French diplomacy.

The soldier is much better known in England. We all know how he was Foch's young-looking shadow during the culminating months of chiefly Anglo-American effort as, indeed, he had been all through. That gives one to pause. Foch (hard "ch," please!) has not grown in stature since his passing. His "attrition" generalship in 1914–16, and which led to Stellenbosch in 1917, is now as freely evoked as his tremendous riding of the chariot in the last spasms—but when 300,000 Americans were landing monthly at St. Nazaire, to let a generalissimo do much as he willed. Weygand went into temporary disgrace with his chief and cannot be dissociated from events in 1914–16 if only for the eternal whispering that he was really the brains of the partnership.

In somewhat like vein, sweeping statements are sometimes made to the effect that Weygand, when he was sent to Warsaw in 1920, in a twinkling beat the Bolsheviks. That is contrary to the facts, Pilsudski having taken the winning disposition before the French officers arrived. All this to acquire perspective of the soldier of to-day—is he as predominant as his countrymen think he is? May not lore conceivably have deranged the solid basis of fact? May not Weygand have developed into a species of Kitchener, a rock they are afraid to get rid of? I merely put the question.

Lore or no lore, one thing is certain, and that is that Weygand's other name is Prestige. It may be that another general, Gamelin, is the brilliant second to-day, but that does does not alter the profound authority emanating from the senior officer. And it is idle to pretend that this authority does not extend beyond the purely military. Only in England can we have non-political soldiers, and then not always. General Weygand, married to a Bretonne, is a devout Catholic, which is tantamount to saying he is right of the Right. Others will call him "clerical" and "reactionary." His fiercest critics say he is anti-republican and capable of staging a royalist coup d'état or a dictatorship. To look at, he is the alert staff-major, though he must have part-planned the greatest battles of the century. At sixty-two he is dapper and debonair, with every honour save a bâton, a Chief of Staff of the army who misses little, ceremonially and socially, while finding time to enter the Academy with his *Turenne*, and to preside over the recasting of the French Army. That has been his work these past two years. It is "Weygand's Army" to-day, much as it was "Kitchener's" once.

Of a recent clash with the War Minister, this exchange is recorded:

BONCOUR: We have the choice between 1870, when we didn't lack a gaiter-button but found ourselves alone face to face with Germany, and 1914, when, although there was painful improvisation, France found powerful allies. I opt for 1914.

WEYGAND: Pure defeatism! France neither wants 1870, which cost her two provinces, nor 1914, which cost her two million (1,300,000) men. We know they only attack the weak and that only the strong can rely upon friends.

What is in General Weygand's mind, basically? The Rhine as frontier. He has never wavered from the original Foch conception, and he carries with him his own Press and his own politicians, whether he likes it or not. Of his own integrity and high purpose there is no doubt. It is his rigid école de guerre outlook that is challenged. He has not an atom of faith in Germany or in pacts or in Geneva, or in anything others have been trying to build up all these latter years; he believes in the big stick to uphold the results of the Versailles Treaty, and that the stick must be primarily French. And he has a wide following, although, perhaps, too much of it is concentrated in the cannon-merchants' bought Press.

To turn to the remodelled force Weygand has in leash, and which is causing increasing worry to not a few, progressively as Germany threatens to part company with the Treaty, there never was such a crop of rumours about a peace army. Paris is filled with them, some as fantastic as "the Rooshians." It all started with the banning of the foreign attachés from the recent manœuvres and, practically speaking, of the Press. Hush! Something big was showing.

The most popular divination is that of a flying tank which also takes the water, though a good second is a gadget for stopping magnetos in the air, the old story. The secrets that are being peddled! Always, naturally, coming in strictest confidence from sons and nephews who actually participated in the manœuvres and *saw* the things!

M. de Pierrefeu writes that usually General Staffs are a war behind, but that this year the French Etat-Major has, after fourteen years' research, put the finishing touches to the scenario of the next war, having definitely fixed on the new method of waging it. Need it be said that the scenario moves at lightning speed, that the new method reposes on the motorized collaboration of all arms down to individual experts in tankettes tearing over every sort of ground? Valmy was taken at top speed to a frightful din—shades of '92—guns, motorized cavalry, red cross, wireless, sappers, gas and flame and m.g. teams, cloud-makers, tanks, contact aircraft, converging over hill and dale at? m.p.h. Elsewhere, the Marne was crossed so quickly that double wine was rationed. An unmotorized division was defending it, poor outmoded thing, even as an unmotorized Reichswehr force about the same time was defending the passage of the Oder against an (on paper) motorized invader (Poles). Both had rivers to cross this year, France and Germany. The Marne (? Rhine) and the Oder. If anything went wrong with a modern high-speed battle the old iron of motorization might well mount high on the field, but perish that thought for the good name of scientific invention and advance. . .

As far back as 1919 the Americans were to have leapt sixty miles east, in one day, from Coblenz. But only in lorries and over roads. Now the whole show can thunder over or through almost anything a countryside may offer and in closest contact with the air. Going all out in the new open warfare, Weygand's men are said to be able to cover nearly one hundred miles in the twenty-four hours.

What type of man is the civilian who would radically prune this brave new army? Léon Blum, who is being spoken of by papers of the Right as a quite likely approaching Premier, is the Socialist leader, the second largest party, but in matters international he is more than that, representing a far wider circle not Socialist at all. Lots of people jib at him because of his domestic programme, reposing largely on nationalization of banks, railways, etc., and on "finding the money where it is." They also remember that it was his Cartel alliance with Herriot, in 1924–5, which led to osteopath Poincaré having to call and manipulate the poor franc back into something approaching health. Nevertheless, Blum is steadily gaining suffrages because the country voted Left last May and the balloony Herriot has since headed Right.

Internationally, Blum stands for a large measure of disarmament *now*, for the cancellation of reparations and debts, for peaceful revision of the Treaty, for a pronounced lowering of tariff walls; in fact, it is impossible not to say the simple truth, namely, that in foreign affairs he might almost be Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Blum is that other face of France. He sits for Narbonne and has his chief following in the Midi, but Paris—where he edits the *Populaire*—listens most attentively.

Blum is a Jew and was born, a St. Denis tradesman's son, sixty years ago. Clemenceau, in his anarchist *Justice* days, opened youthful eyes, but it was not until after the War that Blum took up politics actively. Prior to that he had edited *l'Humanité* before it went Moscow. Since 1919, the story of Socialism in France has been that of Blum, an eloquent orator, supple dialectician, and first-class organizer and inspirer. No one challenges his abilities. Nor, like Weygand, is his personal honour in doubt. He is unbuyable.

A rare bird, Blum. He has got his riches and lives near the Bois and his salon is famous, for he is an æsthete, a lover of objets d'art, a littérateur of consequence. One night the salon; the next, addressing some villainous meeting out at la Villette.

To his opponents he is anathema. "Plus boche que les boches" is a mild one. The full slanderous fury of the reactionary Press is ever directed on the deputy for Narbonne. A traitor to the bourgeoisie! A rich man goading on the poor! The other day things got red-hot when Blum took on Weygand in open combat, asserting the soldier was trying to dictate to the Republic over the French Plan. Such dictation had not occurred since 1800 and if Herriot allowed it, let him watch out! (Blum supports Herriot when he chooses, or his party is neutral.) The Socialist leader also alleged that Weygand was asking for his (Blum's) apprehension. And usually Blum's information is singularly correct.

It was he who exposed the Aéropostale scandal, figuring as a minor Dreyfus. One of his hits against Weygand was the revelation that the latter had subscribed to a Colonel Henry testimonial shortly before that worthy's suicide. There is no denying Blum's passion for truth, also his ardent intent to tackle Paris political corruption and bribery.

Just now people are canvassing whether Weygand would stay on at the head of his unique force did his bête noire and sworn opponent come to power. It is a nice point, for, technically, the soldier should carry on with his job of work even if the Red, Cachin, took the helm. Personally, I imagine Foch's one-time right arm would develop indifferent health and retire to his Breton estate. But such is without the realm of present fact, with which we are here dealing. If Blum accedes to power, it will be in the same minority conditions as our first Labour Government. He has always declined to coalesce. It is safe to say that if the majority trusted his finances more, Blum would be voted in to-morrow because—unless I am quite mistaken—the bulk of France, the "France" you hear so little of, favours his view of how the country should act and appear before the world, and not the soldier's.

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

HUNTING VIGNETTES

On left—
LIKE FATHER LIKE SON: Little five-year-old Arthur Freeman salutes his father, Will Freeman, the huntsman, at a meet of the Eridge at Eridge Bridge

AUTUMNAL: The Eridge moves off through the woods adjoining Eridge Park when the pack met at Eridge Bridge

THE WHADDON CHASE at Cublington, near Leighton Buzzard, Beds, out in a pleasant stretch of country near the county border

CUT OUT OF THE BUSH

Dodoma Aerodrome is a triumph of concentration. It is cut out of virgin bush which grew again almost as quickly as it was cut. The photograph from which this picture is reproduced was taken from the liner, *City of Karachi*

AIR PIONEERING IN AFRICA

On December 7, 1903, Orville Wright piloted a machine which rose from the ground under its own power, remained in the air for twelve seconds, and came down again quite safely. To-day, almost exactly twenty-nine years later, Amy Johnson in the *Desert Cloud* pilots a machine able to carry out a non-stop flight of 1,400 miles, and to complete a journey of 6,300 miles in four and a quarter days. Side by side with this stupendous achievement in individual pioneering runs that other great effort in Empire building and pioneering—the establishment of the route from London to the Cape—to which all such individual enterprises subscribe in no small degree by showing how much the specially devised or equipped airplane is capable of accomplishing.

Attention at the moment seems to be centred on the Dark Continent, and it will be well to consider in a little detail the romance of this last great undertaking of Imperial Airways. In this connection dates are not without their own special interest, for they show the rapidity with which a whole continent has been opened up from one end to the other by an air service.

The first great landmark in British commercial aviation occurred in 1924 when the then British air lines, of which there were four or five, were merged into the one State-aided enterprise of Imperial Airways. Growth and expansion were steady and rapid, and to-day Imperial Airways controls from the Airway Terminus at Victoria nearly 13,000 miles of European and Empire routes. When the full plans for the England–India airline to Australia are finally settled this triumph of organization will be responsible for linking up the British Empire in a more thorough and binding manner than could ever have been considered possible by the generation that stabilized that Empire.

The second landmark was in February, 1931, when from Croydon arose an aeroplane carrying the first air mail from London to Central Africa and reaching Kenya within a week. At once the Sudan, Central Africa, and Eastern Africa were brought into direct and quick communication with London, and India, Persia, and Irak with the North-Eastern parts of Africa. Within a year this line was extended to Capetown providing for passengers, mails, and merchandise to be brought within eleven days' reach of the uttermost end of Africa—8,000 miles distant; while recently *Atalanta*, the first of the new fleet of Armstrong-Whitworth air-liners to be used on the route, has shortened that time by two days.

A LINER IN THE SUDAN

The *City of Karachi* refuelling at Kosti in the Sudan—a stopping-place on the Imperial Airways, Cairo Capetown route. The great winged monster is now an accepted phenomenon among many of the African tribes, only the most remote regarding such manifestations of mechanical progress as magic pure and simple

It was in 1930 that the British Government signed an agreement with Imperial Airways for the operation of this weekly air service from Cairo to Capetown, and some idea of the magnitude of the achievement and the rapidity with which this pioneering on a grand scale was carried out can be gathered from the knowledge that in considerably less than two years fifty-seven aerodromes of one sort and another have been set up on the direct route. These fall into three classes:

(1) Fully equipped aerodromes with night landing facilities, where stops are made for the night. The passengers sleep in up-to-date hotels and rest-houses with electric light and every convenience. There are twenty-seven of such main airports.

(2) Aerodromes which are not night stops, but which serve the machines for refuelling and supplies.

(3) Emergency landing-places.

When one considers all the labour entailed by the laying of concrete and asphalt runways for the giant machines to land, the building of hangars and workshops, and the installation of wireless and meteorological departments (these two latter are found at seventeen points on the line) the only possible conclusion there can be is that Empire building progresses at a faster and more favourable rate than ever before.

Many of the landing places have been literally carved out of virgin bush in competition with tropical vegetation after the rains. Perseverance against all odds has resulted in a perfection of organization. Passengers travel not with their lives in their hands, but safely and in luxury. *Flying boats*, not aeroplanes, carry them over the Mediterranean *and* over the swampy parts of Africa. Nothing is left to chance.

Granville Conway

BROKEN HILL IS WELL EQUIPPED

Broken Hill has asphalt runways laid down for the huge thirty-eight passenger carrying machines to land. In the foreground are the hangars and the comfortable resthouses where the passengers spend the night

FIRST SNOW IN SCOTLAND

BELONGING TO THE EARL OF AIRLIE: Tulchan Lodge, situated among the trees, seen as a dark patch in front of Monamenach Hill. In the left foreground is the River Isla; on the right is Monega. To the left of the centre is the Shieling. The picture was taken by W. L. Weir, of Dundee, from the shoulder of Caderg looking south

W. L. Weir

GLEN ISLA seen from Bessie's Cavern. To the left is the shoulder of Monega; in the middle distance is the mass of Caderg. Glen Isla Shieling is in the centre, Canness Glen to the right, and the River Isla on the extreme right. This is the same landscape as that above seen from a different angle

W. L. Weir

THE SHIELING at the head of Glen Isla, Angus, in the shadow of the mighty Caderg. This picture and those above show one of the beauty spots of Forfarshire—one of the most typical of Scottish scenic counties

C. R. Ward

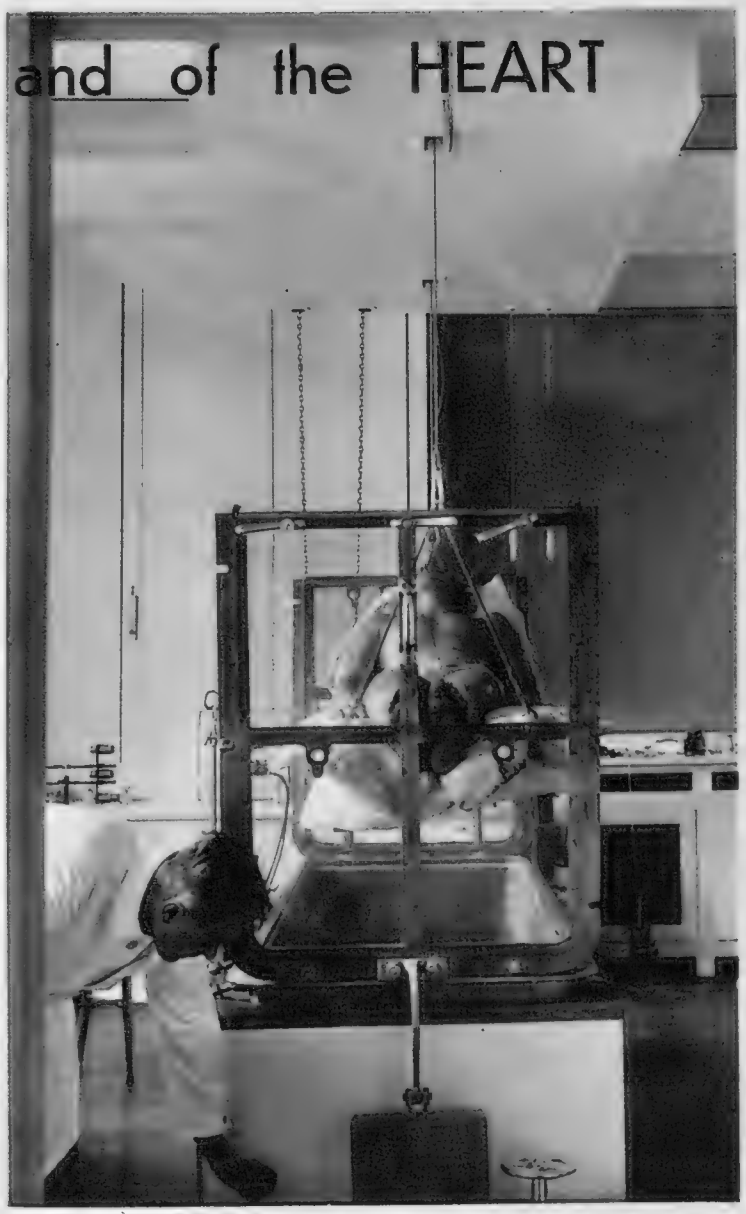
ON BEN NEVIS: The Ben early begins to assume its winter aspect. In parts a considerable quantity of snow remains on the slopes throughout the summer

THE SCIENCE of BEAUTY and of the HEART

CALIBRATING BEAUTY: A device which measures graduations of the contours of the face — a novel instrument which is alleged to show that the American passion for standardization even extends to the female form divine

NATURE LEARNS FROM ART: A student in a Berlin ballet school learns from a wax figure how to assume an attractive pose — the latest instructional method adopted by German devotees of grace

GRACE IN POSTURE is taught to students of a Berlin ballet school by carefully-moulded wax models which are designed to represent the great film stars. The models are wrought in every possible pose and are copied as closely as possible by the pupils



EXPLORERS OF THE HUMAN HEART: A new foundation in Bad Nauheim, endowed by Mr. William Kerckhoff, an American, with 10,000,000 marks, is devoted to research work in connection with cardiac disease. It is equipped with the most modern apparatus for recording the effect of air, water, temperature, pressure, and so forth

IN THE OBSERVATION BASIN: A cardiac patient in one of the therapeutic basins installed in the William Kerckhoff Institute at Bad Nauheim. The "couch" in the upper picture is also used for observation

BRITISH PORTRAITURE TO-DAY: At the R.I. Galleries

MARY MONTGOMERY by CECIL JAMESON, R.P.

JOAN FORD by JOHN A. M. HAY, R.P.

H.E. MME REGIS DE OLIVEIRA by OSWALD BIRLEY, R.P.

BARBARA by FREDERIC WHITING, R.P.

On right—
MISS JOANNA COWLE

MISS VERNON TATE by FREDERIC WHITING, R.P.

On left—
By GEORGE HARCOURT, R.A.

CHINA is still an EMPIRE

The Great Yellow State is a Republic Only in Name: A First-hand Study by a Special Correspondent

CHINESE LADIES, wives of officials, on the steps of the British Consulate at Tengyueh

China has for centuries presented itself in many ways as a puzzle and a paradox to the Western mind. In no aspect is she so paradoxical at the present moment as in the control of her Western Empire. The way in which Chinese influence and control are exercised is described by a correspondent who has lived for several years in a province close to the Western frontier, and who makes the important point that China is still run as an empire, and certainly, as regards her provincial control, is only a republic in name

On the eastern frontier of Burma is the Chinese province of Yunnan, one of the eighteen provinces of China proper which was finally conquered and added to the Chinese Empire by the great Mongol, Kublai Khan. Previous to that it was an independent Tai kingdom and, was the last of the provinces to be incorporated. Manchuria and Turkestan, were subsequently formed into provinces but really remained outside China proper and, of course, the republic has formed new provinces such as Jehol in the north, while the Tibetan marches have been made into another province.

Yunnan, besides being the latest, is also the most backward of China's provinces. Its inhabitants are mainly of aboriginal (or at least of non-Chinese) stock, together with Chinese immigrants and soldier settlers, most of whom took native wives; the offspring all consider themselves pure Chinese. One of the most remarkable features of Chinese conquest and colonization is that the subject races invariably though gradually become Chinese, adopt Chinese speech and customs without any compulsion from the Chinese rulers. The Chinese simply seem to infuse into all subject races (which are indeed all of Mongolian origin) a sense of the superiority of the Chinese which makes the tribes people anxious to become Chinese. The women are the last to change, and retain the tribal dress as long as possible, but I have seen families with little, if any, Chinese blood in their veins where the women had even adopted the Chinese practice of footbinding. This barbarous custom, now almost eradicated, still persists in North-western Yunnan.

The Chinese practice since the beginnings of the Empire has been to confirm the native rulers of non-Chinese races in their rule, provided they acknowledged Chinese suzerainty and paid some tribute. Such loose rule continued for centuries and still persists in some of the out-of-the-way parts of the Empire—it is still an empire in fact, even though a republic in name and especially in Yunnan.

Most of the non-Chinese tribes of Yunnan are governed by hereditary rulers who are either of their own race, or Chinese petty officials who were given the hereditary post as a reward many centuries ago in Mongol or Ming times and who have in many cases now become identified in race and speech with their subjects: this due to the practice of taking native wives.

THE DAUGHTER OF A SHAN CHIEFTAIN: A delicious study of Oriental childhood

These independent native states have, however, a "Deputy" usually an "Administrative Deputy" with, on paper, as high powers as a district magistrate who really corresponds to the "Resident" appointed by the Raj to petty native states in India or Malaya. The deputy is sometimes a special official appointed *ad hoc* to a state or group of states, sometimes the district magistrate of an adjoining Hsien, who in that case appoints an assistant magistrate to oversee the governing of the state. But so long as they receive plenty of "squeeze," and provided there is no rebellion against Chinese authority, none of the deputies ever worries about how the state or states he is responsible for are governed or misgoverned.

ON THE BURMA-CHINA FRONTIER: A relative of one of the Shan chiefs, accompanied by two servants, on a shooting trip. The chieftain attended the Round Table Conference

For instance, on the Bhamo-N.S.S. frontier, administrative deputies are appointed to practically all the Shan States but one. This one, Nan-tien or Meng-Ti, depends on the Tengyueh magistrate.

Until recent years (since the revolution, I believe) all native states depended on territorial officials such as district magistrates, prefects, sub-prefects, etc.; it is only within the last few decades that administrative deputies *ad hoc* have been appointed, and the Yunnan policy is to abolish independent native states and to form them into Hsien under direct Chinese administration.

Of the Chinese frontier districts, the northern portion (the Salween valley) is inhabited by Lisus, who are still in most cases fully independent—no European has ever been right up that valley, and Chinese dare not venture through save with an army at their backs. The frontier has never been agreed or delimited. Burma claims up to, and administers up to, the Irrawaddy-Salween divide, but China will not acknowledge this claim, and on her part claims at least up to the Nmai Hka or eastern head-water of the Irrawaddy.

South of this, from about latitude of Sadon to the Kunlung ferry, the frontier has been delimited and fixed, but it was so badly delimited (it was laid along streams which have in many cases shifted their beds) that there are frequent disputes as to the exact line between Burma and Yunnan, but it is a matter of a few acres in all only and should be easy of settlement—interpillar delimitation—when China settles down again.

South of the Kunlung ferry are the Wa States, a large block of mountainous country inhabited by savage headhunters. The frontier has been "described" in the Treaties of 1894 and 1897, but delimitation fell through owing to the opposition of both Chinese and Was. Burma keeps her administrated frontier well back while the Chinese are "peacefully penetrating" farther and farther every year. The country is said to be rich in gold and silver mines (and I believe other minerals), and hence a settlement will not be easy—neither country will want to give up its claim to such valuable country!

A magistrate directly administers the Hsien district or county of Teng-chung, the new name, used only officially, for Tengyueh, and rarely for the town even in official documents; he also, indirectly, administers the Chinese Shan State of Nan-tien, mainly through a sub-magistrate, whom he appoints to live in the state, though all important matters and appeals come direct up to the magistrate at Tengyueh.

When, in the fifteenth and succeeding two centuries, the Chinese completed their conquest of Yunnan, they appointed Chinese officers to rule the conquered people, making the office hereditary. These chieftains, cut off from practically all connection with China proper, married Shan wives, and their descendants, who still rule the ten little Shan States, are now Shan in everything but name, save for a few Chinese customs that they have retained.

These chieftains, or Sawbwas as they are styled in Shan, live in huge rambling Chinese yamens, all of which are tumbling down from lack of repair, but their authority over their subjects, though circumscribed to some extent by Chinese "residents," is still real, and they possess and exercise in this "Republican Empire" full power of life and death.

These ten Sawbwas are all nearly related to one another, for they now take their brides only from one another's daughters or sisters, and are pledged to resist to the uttermost any attempts by the Chinese Government to depose them and bring the States under direct Chinese administration. The Sawbwas do practically nothing for the good of their subjects; schools are practically non-existent, roads are left unrepaired save when they add to the Sawbwas' own comfort. And yet these little states seem just as happy, just as peaceful, as adjoining districts under direct Chinese administration. The Sawbwas have recently all been bitten with a craze for motor cars, and are hence setting about linking up their capitals with motor roads, purely for their own personal convenience. The construction of the roads costs them practically nothing, for labour is obtained without cost by a corvee of all their subjects. But even though the object is selfish, it must have beneficial results to all in opening up the country to motor traffic.

A CALL OF COURTESY: A Chinese official in European dress, mounted on one of the small native ponies, calls on the British Consul to offer congratulations on the King's birthday

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of Somerset House Courtyard, the imposing pile in the vista of the river, and enshrining in its archives the most and relics of our history

THE PLACE OF STRANGE RECORDS

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE ROYAL SOCIETY met in Somerset House between the years 1780 and 1857—gatherings now held in Burlington House

Infants	334
Jaundies	71
Killed by several accidents	69
King's evil	39
Leprosy	1
Lethargy	6
Livergrown	1
Lunatick	2
Megrims	3
Measles	200
Murdered	10
Overlaid	59
Palsy	19
Plague	14
Planet	2
Pleurisy	10
Poisoned	3
Quinsy	13
Rickets	252
Rising of the lights	175
Running of the reins	1
Rupture	13
Scowring	72
Scurvy	31
Slain	1
Sores, ulcers, broken and bruised limbs	49
Spleen	3
Spotted fever	148
Starved	1
Stone	35
Strangury	10
Stoppage of the stomach	232
Suddenly	48
Surfeit	438
Swine pox	3
Teeth	1,077
Vomiting	95
Worms	101
Wounded	2

Christened: Males, 6,073; females, 5,560; in all, 11,633. Buried: Males, 9,111; females, 8,167; in all, 17,278. Of the Plague, 14.

Increased in the burials this year, 1,436; decreased of the Plague, 21. Parishes clear of the Plague, 41; parishes infected, 6.

I discovered that in 1931 the non-contentious grants amounted to 67,000, an increase of 5,000 on the previous year. What he told me, though, was that a remarkably high proportion of the people who die in a given year do so in the winter, with the result that February and March are extremely busy times, allowing for the six weeks or three months for the legalities following a death; whereas May, June, and July are very slack.

He also told me that filed away in the vaults beneath the main terrace overlooking the Embankment are thousands upon thousands of soldiers' wills made on active service. They are made on the strangest bits of paper. Others are records of purely oral wills. Every year more and more ex-soldiers die, and then dependants come along to search the records for their wills. Outside in the office itself I spoke to one of the clerks who has been there a number of years. He said that the average number of people who come each day to pay their shilling and have a look at a will is between 300 and 400. "Sometimes they come in looking most jovial," he said, "and they may go out with their tails between their legs. Others will come in looking rather hopeless and go out with a broad grin on their faces. You never can tell."

I may add that the shilling entitles you to look at records for the past five years. It costs you another shilling to go five years further back, and a guinea to have all the files thrown open to your investigation. Any number of the people who pay their shillings are professional searchers and sometimes, no doubt, they find more than they want.

Another few yards and you find yourself in the Income Tax Inspector's Department. The Civil Servants installed here are all specialists and must be ready to answer telephone calls from local inspectors who are in doubt as to proper procedure in tricky cases. For the sake of argument a woman who earns her livelihood by taking long aeroplane flights may furnish no little doubt when the question of her allowable expenses is concerned. If the Prime Minister wanted to argue his income tax the matter would probably be transferred to the tender care of Somerset House from Cornwall House.

But let us leave this gloomy subject for the moment and turn to the Controller of Stamps. The number of stamps at Somerset House is legion. For the year ending March 1931, which is the most recent for which statistics are available, the net receipts from stamps were more than £20,000,000. That is a lot of stamps. In the boom year of 1928 to 1929, when companies were formed right and left, the receipts were as high as £30,000,000.

The Stamp Controller, Mr. F. Greenwood, has a signature known to every company promoter, for he is also the Registrar of Companies. Every year, he tells me, about 8,000 new companies are formed. Despite the depression, there has been little decrease in their numbers, though the average amount of the capital has depreciated very considerably. This is partly due to the increased stamp duties. In 1880 a company was formed with a nominal capital of one hundred million pounds. At the other end of the scale is a company founded in 1924 with a capital of one halfpenny, divided into a couple of farthing shares. It was a company formed by an auctioneer and his wife. In actual fact it did not save him any more than if he had started with a hundred pound company. The stamp duty and other fees would have been exactly the same.

Led by Mr. Greenwood, I walked down to the vaults, where the files of the companies are kept. It was like a gigantic wine cellar with canvas backed registers instead of bottles of wine to line the walls. The men employed downstairs climb up to the topmost shelves just like monkeys and without the aid of the usual ladders. The speed with which a company file is brought to you on payment of a shilling is really phenomenal. I asked to see my own company, which was registered last March. I timed the man, and it reached me in three-quarters of a minute, although its number was 263,249. Proud of this achievement, the head man of this department asked me whether I would like to name any number and see how long it would take to reach me. I said "999"—one more than the doctor's request—and within two minutes he told me that this company was defunct in 1912, and its records stored in a strong room.

"We have records of more than 250,000 companies," Mr. Greenwood told me. "We have eight miles of files, and every year we use up another quarter of a mile. Here are the records of one of our leading bands. This is merely the annual statement of 1931. You will see that it takes up 12 sq. ft. Upstairs we have the files of a soap company which are the largest in Somerset House. Every year they encroach by another 20 sq. ft.

"The Companies Act was passed in 1856. Our records date back from the previous year. We no longer have the files of the first four companies in this section of our vaults. But here is No. 5, the oldest English company to be registered which is still alive. As you can see, it is the Thornbury Gas Light and Coke Company."

We went upstairs to a room where a number of clerks were tying up files. They use a special sextuple slipknot which I tried for some minutes to achieve. They do 1,000 of these a day. In another room a Welshman, who at night is a well-known B.B.C. entertainer, was dictating the names and addresses of the new companies registered three days before. Eight clerks were noting them down in big index books.

"On an average about 150 new companies are registered every week," Mr. Greenwood went on. "They vary in number from twenty to sixty a day. We still have a lot of space now used as store-rooms into which we can extend later on."

Later on he told me how there are fashions in companies. Five years ago any number of companies were registered in connection with greyhound racing. Many of them are already dead. Women who start laundries and hat shops also have a penchant for turning themselves into companies. In the past two months Somerset House has been deluged with the registration of tote clubs, to the fantastic increase in which I referred in my last week's article in THE SPHERE.

Mr. Greenwood refused to be drawn when I tried to persuade him to tell me how many companies in his opinion are started purely for the purpose of evading income tax. "I cannot possibly make any comment on that," he said. His assistant also said that any idea he might have on the subject would be based on personal rather than official knowledge. The average company promoter surrounds himself with such a cloud of commercial possibilities that it is difficult to know offhand what he really intends to do or what the true objects of his company are.

Of stamps, to quote Father O'Flynn, he has a charming variety. The stamps affixed on medicine bottles alone range in value from 3d. and 6d. up to £1. Altogether, there are twelve kinds of adhesive stamps, counting postage stamps as only one species.

But there is no room to describe in detail all the activities of Somerset House, the vaults of which bulge and extend almost visibly every day to receive the ever-growing avalanche of documents and records. Suffice it to say that Sir James Grigg as Chairman of the Inland Board of Revenue is in control of the Estates Duties, Legacy Duties, and Succession Duties which are comprised under Death Duties of income tax, surtax, and stamps, as well as of one or two archaic taxes like the land tax, which must not be confused with the property tax, and amounts to a bare £500,000 a year.

His primary job is the administration of the Inland Revenue duties under the statutes. Under him is a corps of Revenue specialists in the various branches who issue instructions on which local inspectors act and supply information for the Chancellor of the Exchequer's next Budget. Over and above all this are the departments of the Registrar-General, the Probate, and the Post Office to whom various parts of the ancient building have been sub-let by the Inland Revenue, and over whom it has no control. Over and above all this is the flight of several thousand starlings who have been chattering for nearly a fortnight on the rooftops of Somerset House before their annual migration to warmer climes.

If they had to pay our income tax or death duties they would have disappeared weeks ago and never returned.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF WILLS is one of the unusual duties of the employees of Somerset House

A DOCUMENT FROM THE PUBLIC received for stamping in Somerset House

GREAT DAMS M

Charles E. Brown

HARNESSING THE ALPS FOR POWER: An astounding engineering feat is now being carried out at the Grimsel, 6,600 ft. up the Swiss Alps, for the production of electric power. A valley in the mountains four miles long has been dammed to enclose over 100,000,000 cubic metres of water. This lake, which has been named the "Grimselsee," is fed by the Oberaar and Unteraar glaciers, each five miles long

THE
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Charles E. Brown

BEAUTY has, unusually, been added even to the exquisite Alpine scenery round Grimsel by the creation of this brand-new Swiss lake, and not marred—a welcome phenomenon of industrial development

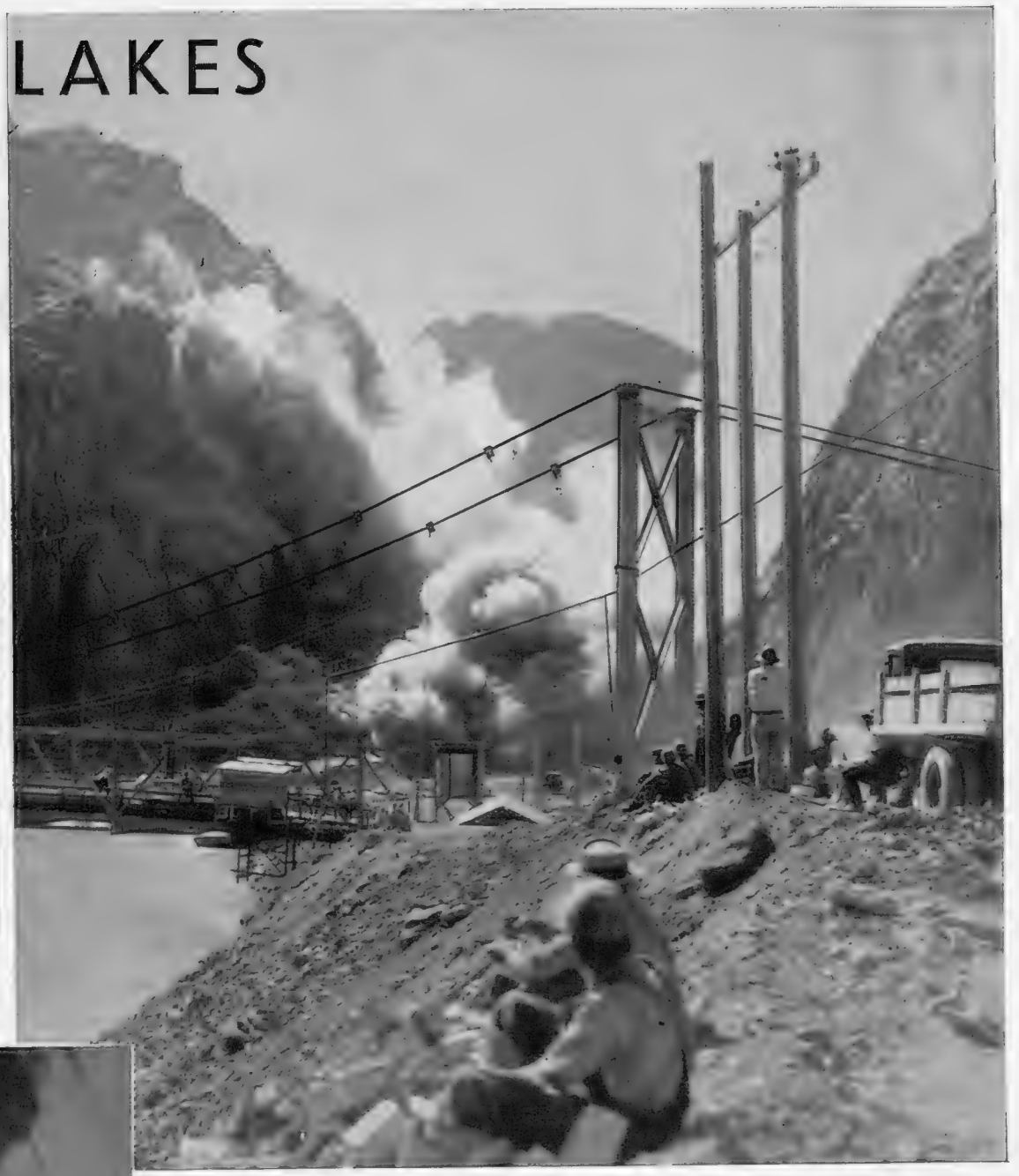
Charles E. Brown

THE GRIMSEL DAM: During the season when the glaciers are feeding the lake the overflow will be utilized to work the turbines of the power station. When the glaciers are frozen, and there is no flow, the store in the lake will serve the purpose. The statistics of this enterprise are illuminating: 80,000,000 kilogrammes of Portland cement were used in the construction of the dam; the weight of material used was 160,000 tons; the amount of water flowing into the River Aar, the ultimate outlet, is 238,500,000 cubic metres per annum. The power to be produced will be 231,000,000 kilowatt hours per annum. The value of this output, estimated at four centimes per k w. hour, will be 9,000,000 Swiss francs

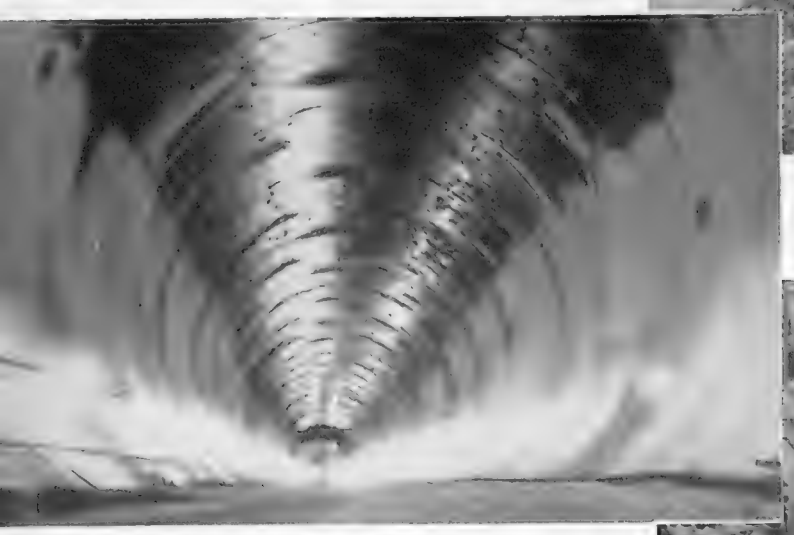
FIVE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE COLORADO R
the Hoover Dam. A great number of the workme
dare-devils in facing both the perils of the

MAKE NEW LAKES

THE GREAT WHITE WAY IN BLACK CANON: Floodlighting, reflected from 10,000 shining dishpans (found to be the cheapest and most effective diffusers) illuminate Black Canon and the Hoover Dam in Colorado



BLASTING IN PROGRESS: The Hoover Dam Project at Boulder City, Nevada, where the turbulent waters of the Colorado are being harnessed, gives employment to hundreds of young college men. They are lowered 500 ft. above the river to drill holes in which blasting charges are placed. The new city sprung up with the work is an impressive municipality



RADO RIVER workmen are engaged in blasting operations for workmen employed are young college boys who prove absolute s of the topography and of the handling of the explosives

CUT IN THE LIVING ROCK: This road has been made in the cut through the solid rock at Boulder City, the H.Q. of the Hoover Dam construction. *Inset above on left* is the interior of one of the diversion tunnels that are destined temporarily to carry the turbulent waters of the Colorado River while the Hoover Dam is under construction. The tunnel is 50 ft. in diameter. The city, called Boulder City, that has sprung up has a theatre, up-to-the-minute shops and markets, a school for the children of the men engaged in the work, and rows upon rows of neat cottages

A DAM BUILT ON LAND IN CANADA: The Colorado River Gorge Below

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE OBELISK: *On left* the forms for the base of the obelisk used as a dam at Chute-à-Caron, Canada, and *on right* the steel rails in the obelisk base

FIFTY PER CENT. COMPLETE: The obelisk dam in course of construction. The forms were subsequently removed before the tipping operation

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. COMPLETE: The great obelisk in place just before it was tipped, by blasting, into place

DAMMING BY BLASTING! The obelisk at Chute-à-Caron was set in place by exploding away the supports on the river side. So accurately had the enterprise been schemed that the great improvised dam fell precisely into place

FINALLY IN PLACE: The obelisk dam fell into its required position owing both to the speed of its fall and the weight of its bulk. The velocity of the current precluded the possibility of otherwise damming the stream

Building a dam on land and then tipping it over into the water—never before was such a curious piece of engineering carried to a successful conclusion, and is illustrated on the left. A giant obelisk of concrete was toppled into the Saguenay River in Canada, forming the world's first dam to be placed in position by a single engineering operation. The swiftness and depth of the water compelled a resort to methods which are described as an engineering adventure. The Saguenay River has a flow varying from 35,000 to 225,000 cub. ft. per second. Construction of a large hydro-electric power development, at Chute-à-Caron about 140 miles north of the City of Quebec, created the problem, which was solved by a reversal of the process of dam erection. The report reads: "The site selected for the power plant was in a gorge located on a rocky section of the river. In order to complete the large masonry dam across this gorge, it was necessary to excavate a diverting canal and turn the river at a time of low flow through this new channel, while masonry foundations were extended across the original channel, which was the deepest part of the gorge.

"The usual method of putting in timber cribs, weighing them down with stones or large blocks of any heavy substance, was not quite practical, due to the extreme depth and high velocity of this water."

ABOVE, THE COLORADO RIVER: The overhead cable car which, termed the "skip," takes a load of twenty men a time across the ravine—a facet of the work in progress on the Hoover Dam. (See previous pages)

It was suggested that a large, heavy, reinforced concrete tower, or "obelisk" of the proper length, curved on one side so as to fit as nearly as possible the bottom of the river, should be built on a pier at the edge of the river, at a convenient place up-stream from the power dam; then, by blasting away a small portion of the pier, tip the obelisk over into the water so that it would become a dam. We read on:

"The channel was excavated and tunnels were built in the permanent dam, with large gates, capable of carrying 40,000 to 50,000 cub. ft. of water per second, and passing it through the power house, where the first hydraulic turbine was to be installed. Extensive preparations were required.

"Models were made and moving pictures taken of the tipping of this diverting dam.

"By means of a slow-motion picture, it was thoroughly studied.

"So carefully was the whole scheme worked out that when this block of masonry, 92 ft. high, 45 ft. wide, and approximately 45 ft. in the other dimensions, containing 5,500 cub. yds. of concrete, was dropped into the river, it landed almost perfectly in the place in which it was computed to land.

"It was necessary to leave considerable water flowing down the old channel in order to form a cushion for the obelisk to fall into and thereby prevent breakage. The quantity of water was regulated, and this precaution worked perfectly.

"On the day when everything was in readiness for dropping the obelisk, the holes in the front part of the pier were loaded with dynamite, and it was blown away.

"When the large mass of the obelisk fell into the river, water was thrown 200 to 400 ft. in all directions, but the obelisk being of such great weight and moving at such high velocity, even the swift current in the river did not affect it, and it settled into place as it was expected to do."

"ROME EXPRESS"

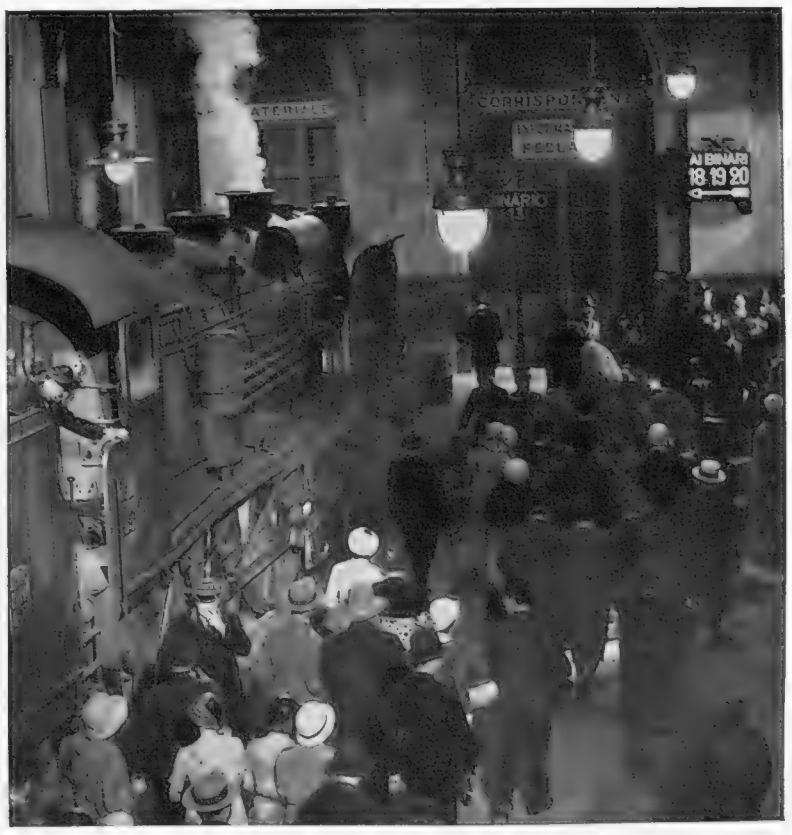
THE THUNDER IN THE NIGHT: An impressionist-realist shot of the main character and the title-rôle of the newest British essay in filmdom which a wit described on the première as "by *Shanghai Express* out of *Grand Hotel*"

MINOR CROOK AND CHIEF OF POLICE: Mr. Donald Calthrop, who has stolen a Rembrandt from the thieves who stole it and Mr. Frank Vosper, posing as an entomologist on vacation

THE UNWELCOME ENCOUNTER: Mr. Harold Huth, who has persuaded the wife of his partner (Miss Joan Barry) to elope with him to Rome, encounters, in the person of a suburban golf-club bore, a neighbour of the duped husband—a meeting which adds poignancy to the plot

THE LOVE INTEREST: Mr. Hugh Williams as the assistant to the master crook, and Miss Esther Ralston, as the film star on a triumphal tour, who reforms him

DISCOVERY: Miss Joan Barry and Mr. Harold Huth are confronted by the train attendant with the body of Mr. Calthrop, shot by the master crook and dumped in their compartment



ALPHA —: The scene in Paris whence the journey—and the film starts—AND OMEGA: The scene in Rome where both end (both "shot" at Shepherd's Bush)

The most ambitious and the most successful British film as yet produced is unquestionably *Rome Express*, released for a star run at the Tivoli a few days ago. Working in sets at the New Gaumont British Studios, the whole action takes place in the train, the various members of the cast—an extremely able one headed by Conrad Veidt, Joan Barry, Esther Ralston, Cedric Hardwicke, Harold Huth, and Gordon Harker—being interwoven with its "personality."

BOOKS

MAJOR HENRY HIGGINSON, M.F.H., Master of the Cattistock, the author of a delightful hunting book, *Try Back*, recently published by Collins (25s.)

THE YOUNG JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—The frontispiece to J. L. Garvin's biography

MR. THOMAS BURKE, whose brilliantly imaginative prose has again made the East End scene appear a place of enchantment

By CECIL ROBERTS

The first volume of Mr. J. L. Garvin's *The Life of Joseph Chamberlain*, which makes its appearance at last (Macmillan. 21s.), covers the years 1836–1885. The second volume, which will cover the years 1885–1895, will appear in the New Year. It is only then that we shall really begin to discern the Joseph Chamberlain with whom many of us are familiar, the Chamberlain of legend, the monocle, and Tariff Reform.

The young men of my generation will have a shock when they pick up Mr. Garvin's admirable volume. It deals, naturally, with his ancestry. He belonged to a generation of hard-headed Midland industrialists who made a hell on earth with their factories and tried to restore the balance with a Nonconformist conscience and active Liberalism.

The young Joseph Chamberlain came of a family of successful Midland business men. Mr. Garvin makes no attempt to achieve aristocratic descent, either by bastardy or otherwise. The Chamberlains came of steady, serious stock, cordwainers and churchwardens, with Unitarian opinions. With a legacy of Dissent, Chamberlain was driven to his first platform in politics and he outraged public opinion with his virulent Radicalism. It seemed at first as if he would abolish the Royal Family, the House of Lords, and all the revered institutions of the land. In his first hours he seems to have been as great a bogey to the staid Midland bigwigs as Lenin is to-day. But before this tempestuous Chamberlain emerged, there was a vigorous young man, a great walker and climber. He made Switzerland his playground. The Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, the Monte Rosa chain, he saw their wonders and learned their perils. Then he fell in love.

Love was destined to be a tragic experience for him. After some two years his wife had a presentiment she would die in childbirth. She was delivered of a boy destined to make history at Locarno, and sank rapidly. "Well, I have had a very happy life and I am perfectly happy whichever way it is," Chamberlain was struck down with grief. A second attempt at felicity had a similar fate. Something within him hardened after each of these blows.

The Reform agitation of 1866 brought him to political life. Bright was leading it, Birmingham was its centre. He could not very well miss the sweep of the tide. He rode it magnificently, with fiery words and a daring will. It was a time when England's passion was politics and not pictures. Men black from the factories poured into the mass meetings. The franchise had come to all classes, yet half of them could not read. Education became the cry of the hour. Chamberlain threw himself into the agitation. He became Mayor of Birmingham, he tackled the slums of that city. His reforms seemed reckless, his speech a fire. When the Prince and Princess of Wales proposed visiting the city it was not thought safe. Would Chamberlain behave himself or say something outrageous? They came, and his speech was a model of independence and courtesy. Even *The Times* had to praise it.

He had begun to forge that life-long link with Birmingham. The House of Commons was a short step. He was friendly with John Morley. He had written for *The Fortnightly Review* an advanced article that detonated like a bombshell in the Liberal camp. Here was a young man they could not muzzle. He threw in his lot with Gladstone, but his fervour embarrassed the old warrior. He stepped in front of his friend Dilke, and at the age of forty-four achieved Cabinet rank as President of the Board of Trade. Even this did not clip his claws, He proceeded to ginger up Mr. Gladstone. Three-fourths of his Ministerial colleagues were hostile to his conception of social reform. At heart Gladstone was an august Conservative. All through the next five years he was a thorn in the flesh of the Grand Old Man. Through the Irish Revolution and the Parnell scandal he was "the Radical terror." He alarmed the Queen by his speeches. Gladstone was compelled to remonstrate, and did it, significantly, while staying with the Duke of Devonshire in an atmosphere that accorded little with Chamberlain's temper.

When the downfall of Gladstone's Government came, he was forty-nine. "There let us leave him at the height of his political dreams, and at the top of his own confidence. Nothing in this conception of the political future seemed wholly improbable to many of his opponents, much less to his near friends. The things that changed all in Chamberlain's career were to begin in a few weeks."

Mr. Garvin has cleared the ground, and walks adroitly through the morass of politics in which the great politician is born. To many this radical background will come as a great surprise. The man who frightened his Liberal friends was destined to split his Conservative colleagues in the after years. Mr. Garvin, with great clearness and a masterly handling of detail, has presented the forgotten Joseph Chamberlain. In the successive volume he will approach the figure we know.

How Mr. Thomas Burke loves his poor people and his drab streets! He would never admit that they are drab. For him a walk down the Mile End Road is as romantic as a stroll down any Tyrolean *Hohestrasse*, and the voices over the fruit-barrows rival those of any leather-shorted yodeller. I must admit that when Mr. Burke writes about his East End he makes me believe in the romance of that quarter. When curiosity or business has taken me there I have never felt the slightest attraction nor seen any of the touching incidents in which his chronicles abound. But even Mr. Burke confesses to a little leg-pulling. He made his fame on a Limehouse that never existed except in his vivid pages, and I suspect that in his latest book *The Real East End* (Constable. 8s. 6d.) the romantic strain in him, which rises with the fumes of tea in a Lyon's Corner House, and spreads on the aroma of fish and chips down a dark alley, has not been checked.

And what an admirable writer of romance he is! If the unique stories in this book are true the East End is a new Bagdad, where a thousand and one nights cannot exhaust its marvels. If they are not true, then Mr. Burke is a consummate artist in sentiment.

I do not want to settle the question. I merely wish to be grateful for some exquisite prose, delicious humour, and the supreme art of story telling. There is one incident in this book which forms the perfect pendant to Thomas Mann's *Der Tod in Venedig*. The story of a dark man's passion, its futility, its pathos, reveals the artist that Mr. Burke is, and the tragedy that life is when it runs into queer cul-de-sacs of passion. The note of satire creeps into the narrative of the consumptive little girl whose starved face aroused Mr. Burke's pity. She disappeared and he sought details of her end. Her robust consumption had won her fame in the cinema studios, and she was coughing out a profitable existence which supported a motor car!

Mr. Burke brings back to memory a famous character of my youth. He was a familiar name in the newspapers, and as Mr. Burke points out, he was the true Poet Laureate. His name was "Spring Onions." He turned up at the Thames Police Court regularly, either in his rôle as a drunk and disorderly, or as the semi-official bard of a national occasion.

"On each anniversary of his reformation he would hand to the magistrate a poem of penitence for the past and approbation of the present, and this poem was handed to the Press box. More than that, he watched all national occasions, and appointed himself Thames Court Laureate; and he followed the job with a zeal that was a shaming example to the laziness of some of our stipendiary Laureates. Nothing passed him. A Royal birthday, a Commander-in-Chief's birthday, an Admiral of the Fleet's birthday, the death of a statesman, the visit of a foreign potentate—all received their ode from 'Spring Onions.' His zeal had its reward. Not only did the Press display his odes; he was honoured by Royal recognition."

He died, as poets are expected to die, but seldom do, true to form, in an infirmary. There are many surprising, many tender things in this absorbing book. And when one has read it with enjoyment it would be wise to keep away from the East End. For myself, outside Mr. Burke's books, I have never been fortunate enough to encounter "a black-haired angel-boy out of a Murillo canvas selling the Jewish *Evening News*" nor "an elderly Chinese wearing mountain climbing boots." But then, perhaps, I have no eyes for these things; it is Mr. Burke's joy to enlighten the blind, and he does it admirably.

The Inequality of Man, by J. B. S. Haldane (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), is one of those books which make me forget all social engagements. The excitement in the mere fact of existence when Mr. Haldane begins to talk! If you are orthodox, he will shock you a thousand times: if you are intelligent, he will fill you with dismay at your unsuspected ignorance. All preconceived notions are swept away. He can make a corpse exciting and beautiful. "It was not until I had attended a few post-mortems that I realized that even the ugliest human exteriors may contain the most beautiful viscera, and was able to console myself for the facial drabness of my neighbours in omnibuses by dissecting them in my imagination." So if you catch Mr. Haldane staring at you, it is obvious what is happening.

When he turns to literature he is equally adept at turning people inside out. He disposes of Mr. Chesterton as "our greatest living low-brow poet since Kipling," and shows that, merely by standing on his head, he talks through his feet. Mr. Shaw's equipment as a sociologist is exposed ruthlessly. "A similar lack of contact with mere facts characterizes Shaw's somewhat bizarre opinions on medical research and science generally."

Turning to spiritualists, Mr. Haldane pointedly observes "the average spirit is rather an unpleasant type of imbecile." But he is cheerful about Europe —"It still leads the world in science, literature, art, and music. I hope to see British sport conquer most of the world. But I am no narrow patriot and would welcome a French invasion of the British kitchen."

It seems impossible for Mr. Haldane to write a dull page even when studying the problem of dizygotic twins or microbiology. Like Mr. Burke he makes life incredibly romantic in the darkest corners of our civilization.

Mr. Desmond Young in his *Ship Ashore* (Cape. 10s. 6d.) tells the story of his father's and his own adventures when salvaging ships. It is a wonderful story of courage and enterprise, of risks taken and rewards collected in all parts of the world. Here is something beyond the reach of fiction to thrill and arrest the reader.

The nobility and tragedy of a great shipwreck form the background of Mr. Desmond Young's work on the high seas. His story is epic because he fights fate in her relentless mood, and knows the implacable anger of the sea. But his story is no less wonderful on its human side. He tells of quiet, simple seamen who for a day's pay carry their lives in their hands, of their zest in the game, their doggedness before wearing obstruction.

Salvaging is a profession with high prizes, a game with tremendous odds. It is fortunate that with such rich material Mr. Young knows how to write. His unique story is splendidly told, and among sea books this is a gold mine of heroism and adventure.

I do not know quite clearly what *Short Lease*, by Yvonne Cloud (Harmsworth. 7s. 6d.), is about. When I did comprehend parts of it I found an unpleasant matrimonial tangle, in which a husband hands over his wife to a lover. But I mention this book because Miss Cloud has a fine command of English and is adept in the processes of thought. Her dialogue is false to life. Nevertheless, there is the substance in Miss Cloud, and she cannot be ignored, and when she has found something worth saying I shall expect to find it extremely well said.

BOOKS TO READ

THE HOME FRONT, by E. Sylvia Pankhurst (Hutchinson. 18s.).

H.M.S. *RODNEY* AT SEA, by C. R. Benstead (Methuen. 7s. 6d.).

THE RICH CONGO, by F. E. Mills Young (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.).

NATURE BY DAY, by Arthur Thompson (Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.).

HANS ANDERSEN'S STORIES, Illustrated by Jennie Harbour (R. Tuck and Sons. 5s.).

THE LONELY MAN, by Gilbert Frankau (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.).

THE HAND OF DESTINY, by C. J. S. Thompson (Rider. 12s. 6d.).

THE STANLEY CRANE at the London Zoo is named Bob. The display of feathers does not denote ferocity; he is actually greeting his keeper at meal time. Cranes use their bill as a dagger

THE BEAUTY of BIRDS at Regent's Park and Whipsnade

F. W. Bond

FLAMINGOES STATANT: These strange birds are found in the warmer regions of both hemispheres. Although essentially a wader, it swims well in deep water

On right—THE MANCHURIAN CRANE, a handsome bird, probably the finest and largest of the crane family, is now all but extinct. Although akin in appearance to the herons and storks, cranes differ widely from those birds in anatomical structure

MISS BEATRIX THOMPSON whose acting in *Playground* at the Royalty has been hailed as the performance of the play

PLAYS

Despite his uncanny resemblance to Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Hugh Walpole's connection with the stage has not hitherto been a close one. He confessed as much in his speech on the stage at the Embassy Theatre, and there is internal evidence to that effect in his play, *The Cathedral*.

But that evidence is of inexperience only, and not of inaptitude. His famous novel has made, at any rate, as good a play as *Evensong*, unlike most adaptations which are about as solemn as evensong in a cathedral, and not nearly so beautiful. Besides, Mr. Walpole has been without the magical help of Mr. Edward Knoblock, whose supreme knowledge of the theatre makes him so invaluable an ally.

I am glad, however, that Mr. Walpole has decided to win his theatrical spurs unaided. At least, one of them is on already. For *The Cathedral* lives and moves and has its being. If it moves to the West End and lives there a long time I shall not be surprised.

Let me assume for the sake of brevity that 95 per cent. of those who saw this play and are reading these lines have read the novel.

I am among the remaining 5 per cent. who have not as yet read it. So far from this being a lapse of duty, it places me at a dramatically critical advantage; for I am thus better able to view it as a play. Otherwise there would be a tendency to concentrate on details of the adapting process and to draw comparisons possibly not favourable.

Mr. Walpole has not made the cause of the squabble between the thin Archdeacon of Polchester and the plump Canon sufficiently clear. "What they fought each other for I never could make out." But the squabble in itself is dramatically treated until the last act, which is an anti-climax. I could not force myself to care a cassock-button which of the two candidates was appointed vicar of St. Something-or-other's. The more that discussion in the chapter-house was prolonged—and it is a novelist's fault to prolong a chapter—the more surely did the play decline to lifeless tedium. Until last of all the Archdeacon died also.

If Mr. Walpole does not rescue his last act from those waves of words *The Cathedral* will become *La Cathédrale Engloutie*.

For the most part, however, the play, I repeat, lives. There are many scenes which are both true to life and dramatically effective.

Whenever that neglected daughter, beautifully played by Miss Thea Holme, meets and pleads with her father and mother, the hand of the real playwright is apparent. With just the right touch of exaggeration Miss Eileen Thorndike gives us a picture of an acidulated spinster trying her hand at something like blackmail in a scene equally well written.

I could not find a similar appeal in the Archdeacon's scenes with his wife. Miss Clare Harris was not so much a woman who loathed her husband as a woman who had a cold suet-pudding-like complacency towards everything and everybody. It was not an easy part to play, but it demanded some show of emotion; it was difficult, if not impossible, to detect Miss Harris varying her expression at any moment.

Mr. Balliol Holloway proved a very theatrical archdeacon. Well, plenty of archdeacons are theatrical, and a touch of Henry Irving in *The Bells* did not come amiss in the last act.

It was not Mr. Holloway's fault that his rantings and distresses seemed to have been provoked by causes not of vast import in this world or the next. No doubt Mr. Walpole makes those causes clearer in the novel than in the play.

The choir-singing, whether a real choir or a gramophone record I know not, was uncommonly good.

It did not seem eighteen years since I had heard those Perlmutterings.

It is said that the "wise-cracks" of the American comic films have been so persistent in the interval that *Potash and Perlmutter*, revived at the Gaiety, is now out of date. I did not find it out of date. Perhaps that is because I am not an ardent patron of "wise-crack" films; indeed, I would be hard put to it to define a "wise-crack." If it is that form of Jewish-American repartee we find in this famous play, then the world has become vastly rich since April 14, 1914, in humour of the most lovable and attractive kind. Yet I am pretty sure that little of it is up to the original quality.

Abe and Mawruss are probably the stage's most human couple. Sometimes one loathes them for their oiliness, their cringing cowardice, their petty trickery. At other times one pipes an eye because of their loyalty, their generosity, and their pathos. But always they are real and nearly always they are funny.

Mr. Yorke and Mr. Leonard have returned in their original parts. I cannot say that Mr. Yorke is "not a day older" since with that bald wig and crushed demeanour he was always the essence of timid old age. But Mr. Leonard, loud-voiced, blustering, and with a smile that has 5,000 years of Semitic subtlety behind it, has obviously not changed in the least. The play, good entertainment though it is, is unthinkable without them. There may be other Abes and Mawrusses (or Mawri?) in the world. But I do not want to see them.

Miss Ellen Pollock came from the strange fantasies of Shaw's *Too True to be Good* to participate with charm and intelligence in this ever-welcome Judaic harlequinade.

There is now at the little Kingsway Theatre a revolving stage. It is used in the right way, i.e., it ensures swift changes of scene, and is allowed to perform only when the curtain is down. When the stage is not revolving, thoughts revolve in the mind of a girl named Elsa.

Fräulein Elsa, the latest play to be produced by the Independent Theatre Club, shows a method of playwriting which, though not quite new, is sufficiently different. The method requires a character not only to speak the lines allotted by the author, but every thought that comes into his or her (in this case her) head. This results in a part which is a tax on the player's memory, and a spate of verbosity which is a tax on the patience of the audience.

The device can, so far as I can see, be prompted only by an under estimation of that audience's intelligence. Here

LORNE-ISM: A typical moment of the highly stylized technique Miss Marion Lorne has created for herself in the crook comedies written by her husband, Mr. Walter Hackett, is seen here. She is "dithering" mentally and physically, for she is threatened with arrest for complicity in a "Smash and Grab" raid and her car-tyres have been exploded by bullets from Mr. Tearle's gun, Mr. Shiner abetting

THE RUNAWAY: Miss Lorne, the 1900 barmaid and her married lover (Mr. Neville Brook) bid adieu to the faithful potman (Mr. Gordon Harker) who is himself in love with the lady of the bar. It is he who is trustee to the barmaid's daughter in the modern section of the play and who tells the story illustrated in the flash-back

DISCOVERY BY THE DEAD: The smash-and-grab raiders are held in a perilous position up as if drunk in a corner seat. Mr. Gray's position is also complicated by the fact that Christine Barry. Mr. Tearle, the ex-R.N.W.M.P. officer and now an English policeman which he believes Miss Lorne is implicated. Miss Lorne is out to assist Mr. Tearle but conspirators are about to get away with a thin but plausible story when Mr. Quarter

"ROAD HOUSE":

THIRTY YEARS AGO: By way of a "flash-back," we are shown the mother of Miss Lorne—also played by Miss Lorne—a buxom Edwardian barmaid in love with a married man (Mr. Neville Brook), whose justly acid wife (Miss Christine Barry) refuses, in view of his extravagance and flagrant infidelity, to pay his racing debts again and drives him into the arms of Miss Lorne

THREE HAWKS AND A PIGEON: Miss Shiela Courtenay (*left*), Mr. Richard Gray, and Mr. Charles Quartermaine as the smash-and-grab raiders; with Miss Christine Barry as Miss Lorne's half-sister. She is in love with Mr. Gray who, in addition to shooting policemen, double-crosses his gang

for Mr. Gray (centre) has shot his fellow criminal, Mr. Quartermaine, and has propped him he is officially affianced to Miss Shiela Courtenay and is planning an elopement with Miss in plain clothes, is out to arrest the smash-and-grabbers who have shot his friend—a group in also to save her half-sister from eloping with a criminal or being mixed up in a scandal. The maine's arm collapses and knocks over the ashtray—one of the great thrills of the play

WHITEHALL THEATRE

By PHILIP PAGE

is a strange line for the Independent Theatre Club, with its array of *intelligentsia*, to adopt. Yet, there it is. For when every detail of the process of thought and action has to be explained, it is because it is taken for granted that all vestige of imagination is absent.

I used to find the same assumption in the film world, from which it has by no means disappeared. On the films, if Miss A. has to go to Mr. B.'s flat it is against all the rules of the game simply to switch to the next scene, in which she actually *is* in Mr. B.'s flat. No, one has to be shown a "close-up" of her feet pattering down her own staircase, another of her entering the taxi, another of the taxi-wheels going round, and yet another one of her feet pattering up Mr. B.'s staircase.

This is known in film circles as a "masterly eye for detail," and not as the boring nonsense it really is.

In spite of this appalling handicap, *Fräulein Elsa* is a play of some interest. Compared with its predecessor, *The Were Wolf* (now very much the *was* wolf), it is a masterpiece. The progress of the young girl who, in order to get a middle-aged man with a deep purse and a dirty mind to lend her father a large sum of money, is made to submit to the suggestion that she shall stand naked before him in a field, is cleverly, if rather tediously, developed.

In these days nine girls out of ten would consider the ordeal cheap at the price, or would even do it for nothing as a lark. But Elsa was the tenth girl. The thing so preyed on her mind that she went mad and committed suicide.

The I.T.C. glories in dealing with the Continental, the probably-banned, and the possibly-naughty. Yet must I risk their further displeasure by stating that I have never seen a play more utterly clean, decent, and moral than *Fräulein Elsa*.

As to the acting, there is little more than a huge monologue for Miss Peggy Ashcroft, whose performance was without a flaw. Of the colourless shadows who surrounded her, Mr. Ion Swinley, as the Peeping Tom of the piece, strove best with the impossible job of attempting to assume flesh-and-blood reality. Mr. Swinley's Baron should follow the advice of David Copperfield's landlady and take up skittles—"vich is 'ealthy and diverts the mind."

Shaw's *Getting Married*, never having been a play at all, does not, as most real plays do, show signs of wear on revival.

Miss Nancy Price has trotted it out at the Little Theatre as a production of the "People's National Theatre." It was once said that the Holy Roman Empire was so called because it was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. *Getting Married*, as far as the People's National Theatre is concerned, is hardly popular, is not conspicuously national, and is certainly not good theatre. But it is not bad fun.

As a sort of Shavian Christy Minstrel entertainment it is as full of ideas as *Too True to be Good*, but without the eloquence. One agrees or disagrees with the author's views on marriage. But they do not bore even when they exasperate, and the process of following the arguments is not a process of exhaustion and, indeed, it approaches much nearer a process of exhilaration.

The characters are mostly fantastical but pleasant; it is impossible to believe in them for a moment, with one exception—the self-sufficient woman who simply will not marry the distinguished soldier. She is unpleasant not because she refuses to marry a man she does not love, but because she is priggish and conceited and detestable.

Shaw portraying a British officer as a well-meaning imbecile is a familiar procedure. It is even less successful here than it was recently at Malvern and at the New Theatre, perhaps because we have no "Aircraftsman Shaw" to help things out.

Mr. Milton Rosmer has achieved a good production and himself played a bishop. That makes at least two bishops now in costume, and in full theatrical swing on the West-end stage. But the only real bishop Shaw ever drew was the Bishop of Beauvais of the days of Joan of Arc.

Acting is not needed in *Getting Married* so much as a retentive memory, a knowledge of elocution, patience, and a hardy physical condition. All these attributes appeared to me to be possessed by Mr. George Hayes, Mr. Aubrey Mather, Mr. H. R. Hignett, and Miss Miriam Lewes. They were admirable.

MISS ANNY AHLERS in the title rôle of *The Dubarry*, the great success at His Majesty's which has reached its 250th performance

It is the film-fashion of the moment to show the murdered Tsar of Russia and his family. Rather a pity, I think. When those hapless folk are played by film actors and actresses the lack of physical resemblance is annoying; when, in one instance, a film is shown of actual scenes in the life of the Imperial family before they were dealt with by the sadistic thugs who now rule Russia, it is interesting but too deeply harrowing.

There is little chance of anyone being harrowed by *Rasputin*, a German film with English dialogue, which I have just seen at the Marble Arch. The thing is well done, but it is much too theatrical and consciously dramatic.

The pathos of the little Tsarevitch is its best point emotionally, and Conrad Veidt's performance the best point histrionically.

American Madness, at the Dominion, is well named; I will leave it at that, except to add that the photography is good.

Much the same subject—the financial crisis of America—is treated in *The Crash*, which at any rate has the advantage of having in the cast Ruth Chatterton and George Brent.

The Arts Theatre the other night issued invitations to the critics to attend "the first production of *All's Well That Ends Well*." That occurred in 1603!

But the performance of this latest production of comparatively unfamiliar Shakespeare I found wholly delightful. Why it is so unfamiliar it is difficult to see. Judged from the normal standpoint *All's Well* is not a good play; nor, for that matter, are *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice* good plays. Yet it is full of poetry and interest. Helena is a wonderful character and Parolles a very droll one. To Mr. Robert Atkins, the producer, I extend my congratulations and thanks.

OPERA in LONDON : "PRINCESS IDA" at the SAVOY

"FATHER, IS THERE NEWS FOR ME AT LAST?": The scene in King Hildebrand's Court in Act I of *Princess Ida*. King Hildebrand (Mr. Richard Watson) is standing at the right centre. To him comes Hilarion (Mr. Charles Goulding) inquiring if any news of the approach of the Princess has reached the palace

The ubiquitous thousands of lovers of the greatest of light operas will be delighted to learn that a pictorial record of the present season of Gilbert and Sullivan at the Savoy is now available. Superbly printed in Rotogravure, this Souvenir of the season in which Sir Henry Lytton makes his farewell to London has been composed of pictures from all the repertoire, specially posed and taken for "The Sphere." The illustrations are titled with the actual words from the the several libretti spoken at the instant of exposure. The booklet, which is published by "The Sphere" at 1s. net, is further embellished with original sketches and by a foreword by the distinguished retiring Savoyard. It may be obtained at the theatre, or direct from the offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, post free for 1s. 2½d.

On left—

"FIGHTING IS OUR TRADE": A study of Mr. Darrell Fancourt as Arac, one of the sons of Gama

"I SEE ATTACHED TO IT KING GAMA'S LEGS": Mr. Leslie Rands as Florian is seen standing on the balcony of King Hildebrand's Palace looking for the missing King Gama, who is under covenant to deliver up the Princess Ida on this particular day

Special "Sphere" pictures

"WE'LL CHARM THEIR SENSES WITH VERBAL FENCES": The three princes plot the invasion of Castle Adamant. On left Florian (Mr. Leslie Rands); in centre Prince Hilarion (Mr. Charles Goulding); on right Cyril (Mr. John Dean)

the success of a business house to-day depends on adaptability to contemporary conditions. The woman who dresses from Corot of 33 Old Bond Street can possess the smartest clothes without financial anxiety. The charming evening frocks above can be purchased for the astonishingly moderate sums of seven and five guineas respectively or can be acquired for a small deposit and the balance paid in monthly instalments. (Payment in instalments is a policy of this house.) A midnight-blue satin model is adorned and supported by bright beading which outlines the neck, while a pale blue satin gown is embellished by a shoulder garland of shaded silk flowers

BEGINNING D. TODD'S SECTION

Three Admirable Artists

Above—*Vita Sackville West (the Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicolson).* Right—*Miss Rosamond Lehmann (photograph by Angus Wilson).* Below—*Miss Flora Robson*

A low-pitched, deliberate voice, bringing the impression of a very thoughtful person—this is how most of us know Miss Sackville West. She is rarely seen at first nights, weddings, race meetings, or other places where photographers gather together. But as a broadcaster she is famous and familiar. We can trust her not to recommend bad books or boring books, she never talks down to us like a Sunday School teacher, she is never bright like a hospital nurse, she gives us credit for having taste as good as her own. Or at least she pretends to. She likes books in the same way as she likes dogs and gardens, spontaneously yet with an affection nourished by wide knowledge. She is a poet, and she has a sense of humour; she is a lover of tradition, and she is interested in literary innovations; she is a quarter Spanish, and she is the author of "The Land." This poem is the profoundest, most exact, and most "felt" description of the English country that our age has produced. And it is no injustice to her admirable novels to say that it is her most important work. Brought up at Knole, the stateliest and at the same time the least pompous of "stately homes," she now lives in a half-ruined castle; for a description of it you have only to read her latest novel, *Family History*. There is an unspoiled England, a country neither arty nor crafty, where there are gamekeepers and oast-houses but no bungalows or revivals of folk dancing, where there is old oak but no "olde oake"—of this country Miss Sackville West is the ambassador.

When Miss Rosamond Lehmann presents her credentials it is as the Plenipotentiary of that much abused, much advertised state, Youth. Modern young people, we are continually being told, are cynical, lazy, shameless, hard, selfish, and too fond of cocktails. We are informed almost equally often that they are enterprising, tolerant, polite, idealistic, and religious. Instead of making futile generalizations, Miss Rosamond Lehmann describes the young as they are, very various, but whether pets or pests, rather defenceless, and doing their best to conceal the fact. In three novels, *Dusty Answer*, *A Note in Music*, and *Invitation to the Waltz*, she has shown us the young as they see one another and as they see themselves. There is a background of fresh lawns and young leaves, very delicately painted, but Miss Lehmann is in the first place a novelist of personal relations.

In her books we perceive the irony of trying to find happiness in other people and the comedy, the beauty, the sense of lovely things irretrievably lost which accompany such a search. Among modern novelists there is no one whose work is at once so touching and so unsentimental. Miss Lehmann is one of the English writers most admired in France and there is a possibility of her going to Hollywood to write talkies. If she does she will be taken, we suspect, not for a writer, but for a new star.

A tragic mask, flooded by sudden and surprising light when she smiles, Miss Flora Robson's face would be all wrong on a chocolate box, but it is just the instrument required by an emotional actress. Though she does not resemble Duse, her looks have something of the same intensity, and she can command the stage before she has spoken her first line. Her performance at Cambridge, at the Gate Theatre, in *Desire Under the Elms*, and at the Westminster in *The Anatomist* and *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, excited the connoisseurs of acting. Now, with *Dangerous Corner* and *For Services Rendered*, she has established herself as an ace among young actresses. Miss Robson deserted the stage for several years to do administrative work in factories and slums, an experience which seems to have matured her acting and given it its particular depth. Perhaps the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art ought to end its training with a year in the East End. Indeed, we would be in favour of making young actresses work in coalmines, if it resulted in skill and sincerity such as we find in Miss Robson's performances.

John Banting makes a music room

Mr. John Banting is probably the English painter who allows the greatest freedom to his imagination. He uses paint to give an account not of what he sees but of what he would be interested to see — statues that move and breathe, men on whom grow leaves instead of arms. He designed and executed the successful scheme of interior decoration shown here

• The decorative scheme here shown is a music room, designed for Miss Ruth Baldwin, at 5, Mulberry Walk, Chelsea. A nautical theme inspires panels of varying shapes on four walls. Coiled rope mats maintain the marine illusion, and common rope outlines a panel on the mantelpiece. Other successful schemes of interior decoration include a hall for Miss Rosamond Lehmann, and panels for the hou. Edward Sackville West at Knole

for theatre, cabaret, and dinner, the vogue of velvet gains

For the theatre or music hall, in fact for general evening wear, the mode of velvet advances with the winter season. Above, a model from Augustabernard is of bright red corduroy and is marked by twisted shoulder straps. The cape is of chinchilla, lined with velvet. A gown from Chantal, below, is also of red velvet. The intricate cut and shoulder line are of special interest as is the clever (and slimming, withal) treatment around the hips

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We can all recall the joy of being transported to some wonderful land of Make-believe—such as Wynken, Blynken and Nod, setting out on that star-fishing voyage to the misty blue realms of the moon. Tucked up for the night, how we clamoured for the recital to begin, eager to be away on that starry sea of light, and how we thrilled to the narrative of getting there and, having got there, grew drowsy from sheer excitement and then fell asleep, content. The mental flight from the nursery brought that benison.

The healthy craving for change and diversion is equally strong in the adult, but while the instinct remains, our fixed habits of work and life inhibit it. The prime difficulty, always, is getting away. And that is where we can help you.

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IN ADVANCE OF ITS AGE: Mr. C. D. Siddeley's 1904 Armstrong-Whitworth passing the Brighton Pylons during the Old Crocks' Run to Brighton. This Ancient, built under the Wilson-Pilcher Patents, incorporates a self-changing gear-box, floating power, unit construction, and a spiral bevel back-axle—hailed in this age as the *ne plus ultra* of modernity

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

UNNECESSARY CONGESTION.—I offer no excuse for returning to the topic of the safety of our roads. Everyone is rightly becoming worried over the number of accidents, but it does seem to me that quite a lot could be done, particularly in our big cities, to ease congestion which will in turn reduce the number of accidents. Let me make a few remarks regarding the Metropolis. In London there is supposed to be some rule or regulation which prohibits taxicabs from crawling in order to pick up fares, but every time I go to London—and that is at least once a week—I am sure I lose five minutes trying to get past these vehicles hanging about and hoping for the best. This state of affairs should never be permitted in streets which are already congested. One has only to stroll down Piccadilly between 11 p.m. and midnight to see hundreds of these crawling cabs blocking up the whole thoroughfare. This is just one illustration of the unnecessary congestion which is an important condition for the causing of accidents.

Again I would suggest that no taxicabs or other motor vehicles should be permitted to turn in any busy thoroughfare except at certain places which are controlled by the police. I also look upon it as a crime for any driver in such places to pull across on to the wrong side of his road, go against the oncoming stream of traffic, which is so often done now, in order to drop passengers on the off-side kerb.

MEANINGLESS LINES.—Somebody or other had a brain wave the other day and painted two white lines down the entire length of Castelnau Avenue, Barnes. The object of these lines is difficult to comprehend, and from my observations no one took the slightest notice of them. Presumably it was an experiment, but the road where it was tried is quite unsuitable, and nowhere on this road could I find any notice to inform drivers what they were expected to do. If I guess right the idea is sound, and will probably work well on some of our wider by-passes, but the scheme if tried must be backed up by police observation and action if necessary. First of all one white line is painted parallel to the near-side kerb, and at a distance from it to accommodate the widest vehicle that is likely to come along. Having done that all vehicles using the road must keep between the kerb and this line, and their only excuse for getting closer to the crown of the road would be in order to pass a vehicle in front, and when this manœuvre was completed they should be compelled to return between the kerb and the white line. In order to prevent the car, which swings out as it passes another, from colliding with a third vehicle doing the same thing coming in the opposite direction, the wide central space should itself be divided down its whole length by another line. The success of any such scheme depends solely on the width of the road, which must be such as to take four lines of traffic.

The lines down Castelnau Avenue are quite hopeless to work such a scheme, and even if four lines of traffic could operate abreast the lines are so placed that collisions would be bound to occur. No doubt in due course we shall be told that this experiment is a failure, and that no such scheme is likely to work.

PRECAUTIONS IN AMERICA.—In America, whenever a driver coming from a side road desires to enter a main thoroughfare, he must come to a definite standstill whether there are any vehicles or not on the main road. This is another idea which could very well be adopted here.

Another cause of needless congestion is the unnecessary roaming about of drivers of private cars seeking some spot in which to park their cars whilst they shop. I have myself, on many occasions, wandered about for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour trying to get rid of my car. Let us, in this instance, take another lesson from the U.S.A. If the big stores, which I desire to visit, were in New York, I would drive up to the front entrance, a uniformed driver belonging to the stores would open the door, let me out, give me a ticket as if he were a cloakroom attendant, and drive my car away and park it.

THE PRIZE PRIZE! The Vauxhall cadet awarded in the Parker Pen Competition to Mr. E. S. Lacey. The presentation was made by the Parker Pen chairman, Lord Molesworth (in bowler hat). *On left* are Mr. Zoccola, managing-director of the Parker Pen Company, Ltd., and Mr. H. Cecil Taylor of Vauxhall Motors, Ltd.

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WEDDING in AFRICA

At the kraal of Bani Malanga tense excitement reigned, for was not their first-born, Netelwa, a girl of seventeen summers, about to wed, and no less important than the fact that she was to marry the heir to a chieftainship was the satisfaction that a recent illness had left her with a lighter skin whose surface, when treated with plentiful supplies of cosmetics, produced the shine so much to be desired.

Netelwa's trousseau was ready, the adequacy of which was, in the usual way, tested by the girl's friends having to sit on the lid of her trunk in forcing it to close; the huts looked smart in their new coats of coloured clay dug out of nearby dongas by the girl friends. Papa had killed his finest ox, a sack of maize had been stamped free of husks and was now to be seen in the bubbling pots over their fires of mimosa sticks, tended by many matronly friends who were obviously preparing their mouths for a glorious feast that day.

Awhile the gallant bridegroom of barely eighteen summers, making a striking figure on his handsome steed gaily decorated with martingale and red embroidered white saddle cloth, came riding by to claim his bride, followed by a commando of many Pondo men also on gaily decorated horses and flying banners inscribed with the name of their district in large letters.

As they reach the summit of the hill overlooking the girl's home, the location goes mad, women run over the hills singing and dancing, all making for the head of the riding procession, their shawls are torn off and flung down as carpets to be trampled upon by the bridegroom's horse. The ride is ended in a spectacular circling around each of the huts at the bride's home, and without any greetings or delays the party leave the kraal and proceed to the home of their host a few hundred yards away, where they are fêted with meat and maize and a little of the forbidden beverage, kaffir beer.

Next morning sees the wedding, the bride (as one witty clergyman once stated) appears in a semi-comatose condition, but beautifully gowned in pure white silk and lace, a dress straight from England, carrying a bouquet taken from the top tier of her wedding cake made by the nearest English settler's wife. On her

CUTTING THE CAKE: The marriage ceremony of a Pondo chief is amazingly reminiscent of the European procedure

head is a wreath of orange blossom covered by a snowy veil.

The very important (and large) native priest performs the ceremony and delivers a long lecture while the two "sides" take it in turn to sing a wedding chant. On the one side of the church sit the bride's friends and relatives, and on the other sit the bridegroom's people.

(Continued on page 412)

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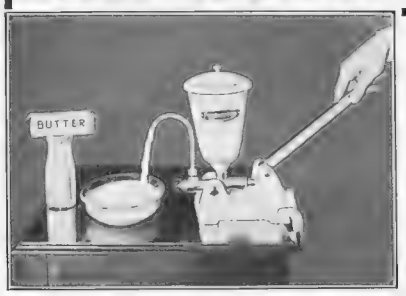

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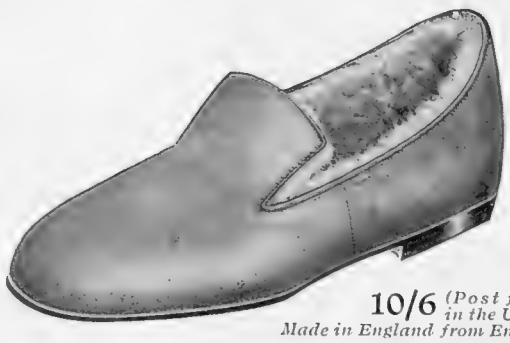

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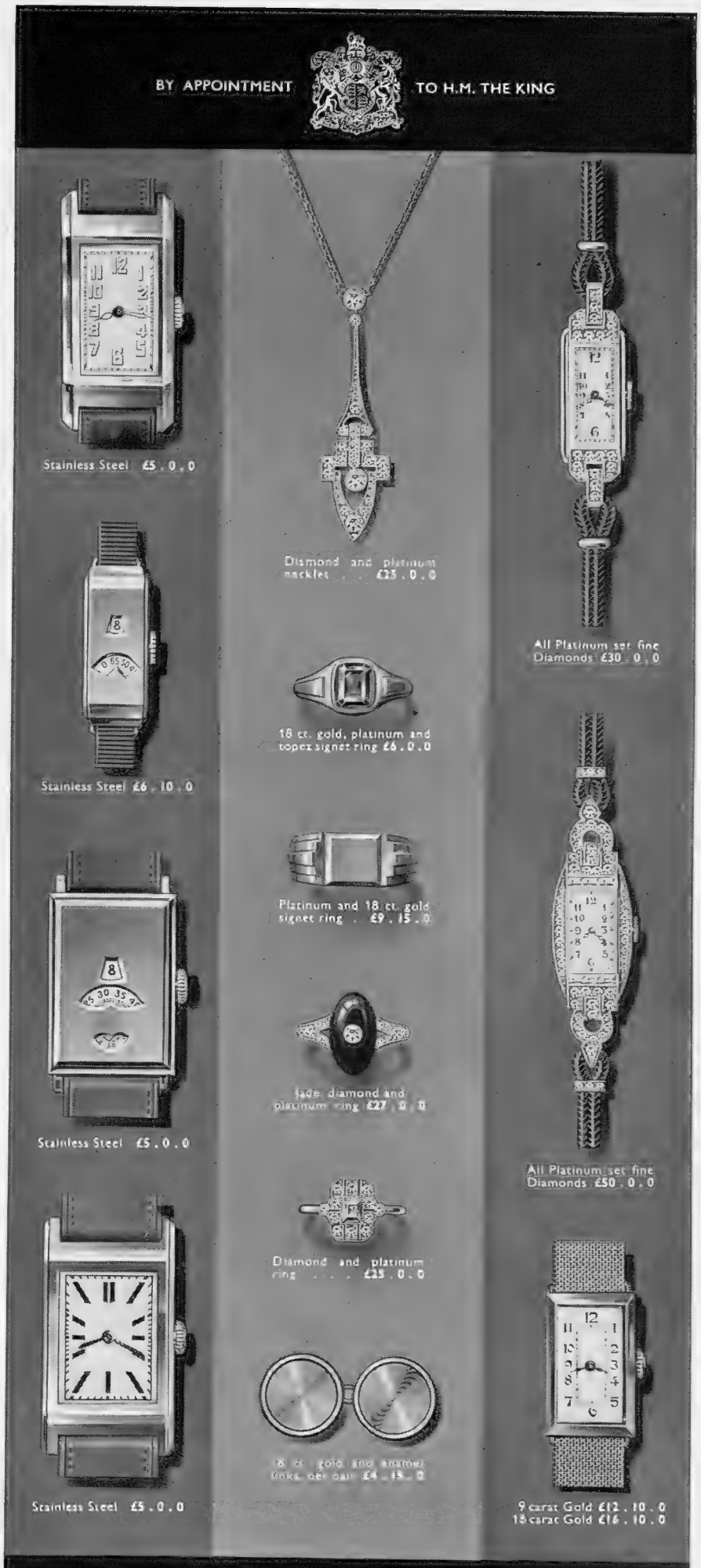

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THE NATION'S CHILDHOOD

Though sometimes it is believed that cruelty to children is a thing of the past, the reports of the N.S.P.C.C. is "to ensure an endurable life to every child in the land," and during its forty-eight years much has been accomplished. The lives of over 4,000,000 children have been made brighter and happier. It helps on an average four little children every five minutes of every working day. Often this cruelty is wilful, but there is also much misery caused to defenceless children by mere callous neglect and indifference, whilst ignorance, poverty, and drink are other contributory causes. Whatever the cause, the N.S.P.C.C. has well-tried methods for combating it, only proceeding to invoke the law when all other means fail. Contributions should be sent to William J. Elliott, Director, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

HAMPERS TO FILL

Christmas hampers that find their way into the very poorest homes are amongst the many "good works" organized by the Church Army. This Christmas plans are almost completed for wholesome dinners, numerous parties, and special treats for children and grown-ups alike, and it only remains for the Church Army hampers to be filled. Ten families can be provided with Christmas food for £5, and each 10s. parcel contains sufficient to last a family of five or six over the Christmas festival. Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., seeks generous support, and gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by him at Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

TO SANTA CLAUS: Two children from one of the homes of the Waifs and Strays Society

THE CURSE OF SILENCE

One of the most tragic fatalities to befall mankind is that of total isolation from one's fellows—and this tragedy becomes the more poignant at a season of general rejoicing. The Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb has made a special study and a science of bridging that hideous gulf and rendering those afflicted with this terrible loss, fit effectively to combat their trial. Contributions should be sent to Graham W. Simes, Secretary, 413, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

A HAPPY BARNARDO BABY: A typical inmate of one of the many houses of "the ever-open door"

4,700 STOCKINGS TO FILL

There are 109 homes in all parts of England and Wales, and one even so far afield as Canada maintained by the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society. These homes include eight where the motherless infants may receive the care and affection of which they have been bereft, and six devoted to crippled children. The H.Q. of the Society are at Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

RECUMBENT WORSHIPPERS

Surely one of the most unique congregations, meeting at regular intervals in England for worship, is that which gathers in the chapel of the British Home and Hospital for Incurables at Streatham. Some of the congregation, with the aid of the staff, take their seats in the pews. Others, totally helpless, are wheeled into their places on invalids' couches. The benefits of the institution are tenable for life; £60 is needed each and every day to maintain the home and hospital and to provide the 311 pensions of £25 a year. Contributions should be sent to Edgar Penman, Secretary 73, Cheapside, London, E.3.

TREATS IN THE SLUMS

As many poor slum children and cripples as funds will permit are to be given teas and treats again this season by the Tract Distribution Movement and Open Air Gospel Mission of 75, Corfield Street, Bethnal Green, London, E.2. The Secretary, Mr. A. B. Marshall, will welcome donations as well as gifts of old clothing, toys, books, Royal Surgical aid and hospital letters, flowers, etc., which will be gratefully acknowledged.

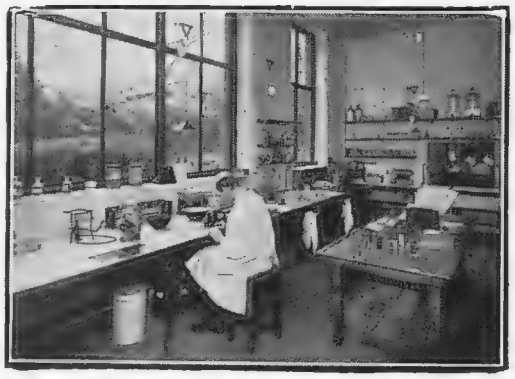
ALLEVIATION

The great scourge of civilization is gradually receding, driven back largely by patient research at the Cancer Hospital. Those who are smitten with this dread disease receive the most modern and expensive treatment free of charge. No more worthy appeal is being—or can be—made than for assistance to carry on this magnificent work. Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, the Cancer (Free) Hospital, Fulham Road, London, S.W.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

With regard to the appeal for £40,000 for cost of the New *Arethusa* Training Ship, the Society regrets to state that donations are coming in very slowly and in small amounts. The work of training poor boys for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine must be carried on, and readers of THE SPHERE are asked to very kindly send donations to help defray the necessary cost of the New *Arethusa* Training Ship. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged. 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

This Christmas



A corner of one of the Laboratories in the Research Institute.

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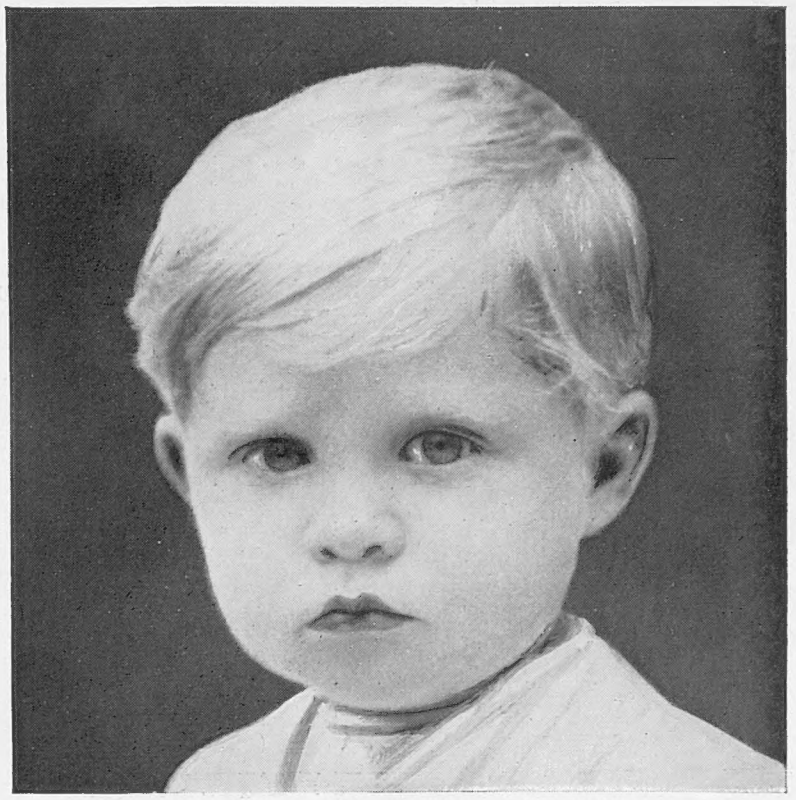
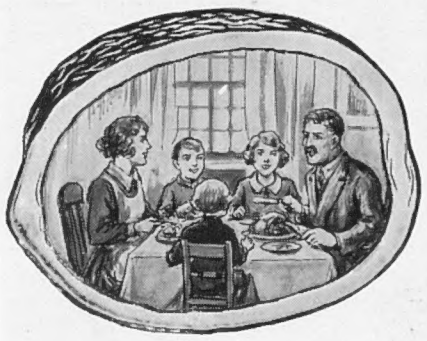


8,300
children being supported.

10/-
will feed one child for ten days at the Christmas Season.

Please be Santa Claus to a destitute little one this Christmas.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1



IN A NUTSHELL
—*The C. A. Christmas problem*

"Be it ever so humble there is no place like home." This is especially true at Christmastide, and the C. A. is concentrating on giving its immense family of deserving poor a happy Christmas in their own homes.

PARCELS OF GOOD FARE, sufficient to last families over Xmas, will be distributed to those in genuine need. Each parcel costs 10/-, but the retail value is nearly 14/-.

£5 *Makes TEN families happy.* **10/-** *Gives happiness to one family.*

Will YOU do something to help our many poor this Christmas?

Please send now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1

THE
CHURCH ARMY

A LONELY CHRISTMAS

DEPRIVED of two great gifts—speech and hearing—the deaf and dumb spend Christmas silently . . . often forgotten.

Lonely, tragic figures, they miss the joys of human companionship and so many of the things that make life worth while. This Christmas THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE

DEAF & DUMB

with the aid of its specially trained staff is bridging the gulf, providing social intercourse and friendliness for loneliness and isolation. Through its work it is changing depression and despair for hope and happy usefulness; poverty and unemployment for self-support and self-respect.

YOUR SUPPORT IS NEEDED.

Please help the afflicted to spend a HAPPY Christmas by sending a gift NOW to GRAHAM W. SIMES, Secretary, 413, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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The objects are the granting of Pensions and maintaining Permanent Residences for Aged and Infirm Printers and Widows;

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The Education and Maintenance of the Orphan Children of Printers.

Subscriptions or Donations will be gratefully received by—

Mr. J. MORTIMER, O.B.E.,
Secretary,
73-78, High Holborn, W.C.1

Broken Toys

A doll is broken, and happiness gives place to tears . . . so sensitive is the child mind.

AN INCIDENT which you dismiss with a smile is a tragedy through infant eyes.

Who, then, can imagine the intense misery and suffering of a child exposed to wrongs which move even adults to horror and revulsion?

The
N.S.P.C.C

is doing all in its power to protect little children from cruelty and neglect at the hands of vicious or ignorant parents and guardians. The extent of its help depends upon public support.

Will you kindly include The N.S.P.C.C. in your Christmas Gifts List?

Gifts will be welcomed by Hon. Treas., Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, or Director, William J. Elliott, National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.

(Chairman: THE VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, G.C.B.)

WEDDING IN AFRICA

(Continued from p. 408)

To the ears of the listening Europeans outside the singing is remarkably harmonious, soft, low, and beautifully rendered.

The ceremony is over, and the bridal pair are about to take one more tip from their European friends, a native agricultural demonstrator, who owns a motor car and has kindly offered to drive the pair to the bride's home. As they enter the car, the camera tucked under the arm of one of the "white" friends is quickly pressed into use, two or three clicks, and the photographer has a few welcome additions to a large and varied collection dealing with native life.

The car is followed by hordes of natives, both Christian and red, dancing and singing as they go along. When they arrive at the kraal feasting begins in real earnest, the bride is robed in a "tea dress," and takes her place at the side of her waiting groom. Tea is served with slices of bread, and that over she is once more disrobed and now bedecked in her "Tshisha" (change, or travelling dress), a well-made coat and skirt of brown satin with hat to match.

There follows the Wedding Cake dance in the yard outside. First comes the bridegroom's cake in green and white and mauve, with his name, "Africa," written thereon in large letters, carried by the head dancing girl of his district. She has to mind her step as she dances as the two bottom tiers of the cake have been divided by ordinary sugar sticks, and these have a habit of melting before time.

This dance being a competition, the Bride's Cake dance follows, and the winning side is decided, not publicly but nevertheless by a very definite murmur among the crowd.

The place where the order for the cake has been given is kept a profound secret, so important is it that one should beat the other in general appearance and quality.

Dancing, much like our stage dancing, is now carried on until late in the afternoon when the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends, leaves the girl's kraal for that of their host for the night.

Next day the wedded pair are given a very stern lecture before the crowd, the ox-wagon is inspanned, horses saddled, and the bride is soon seated alone in the tented portion, dissolved in tears. Her presents, being mostly hand-made straw baskets, need no packing and are thrown on to the wagon and the remaining goods placed in boxes which form the seats for the merry crowd gaily oblivious of the sadness of the little bride who now leaves her home for the perils of a matrimonial life.

The groom rides ahead, and all make for the bride's future home, where a vast crowd of chiefs and subjects have gathered, oxen and sheep have been slaughtered, and with the exception of the church ceremony the whole procedure described above is repeated.

The guests do not leave until the bride's girl friends have escorted her to her first devotional service on the first Sunday in her new home.

After another dinner consisting chiefly of curried mutton, boiled rice, potatoes, and maize they all depart leaving for the first time their "daughter" to live in more or less importance as "nkosikazi" (chieftainess).

NOTES and NEWS

WINTER SPORTS IN ITALY

Already snow has fallen to a depth of about 3 ft. at Sestrières in the Italian Alps; the fact that the resort and its adjacent ski-ing slopes are from 6,600 to 8,500 ft. above sea level ensures a long season (extending from early December until well into April) and an abundance of snow. Sestrières is rapidly gaining in popularity—so much so that, despite the present difficult conditions, a new first-class hotel has been built and will open for the first time early this month. The aerial cable-way transports ski-ers to the top of Monte Sises. The high average of fine, sunny days and the convenient accessibility of Sestrières from London are additional attractions from the English point of view.

FURS FROM THE FROZEN NORTH

One of the largest shipments of furs ever made from the Canadian northlands has just been delivered jointly to the house of Revillon and to the Hudson's Bay Company. Consisting chiefly of fox, mink, and marten, the furs were collected on the western shores of the Hudson Bay northwards from Churchill to the Chesterfield Inlet. Aeroplanes flew the bags of furs to the distant railhead, whence they were sent 1,000 miles over the new railway to Winnipeg, whence they were sent east to the Atlantic seaboard and thence to London. Thus they came in due course from the northern wilds to the shops of Revillon Frères.

BURKE

The ninety-first edition of *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage* for 1933, which marks its 107th year of publication, will be published at the beginning of December, 1932, by Burke's Peerage, Ltd., of 66, Basinghall Street, E.C.2. Price, Ordinary Edition, £5 5s. Special Edition, bound in morocco, £9 9s. Two separate volumes of the Peerage and Baronetage section, £2 2s. each, and the Knightage section separately at £1 10s.

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AS EXTRACTED FROM THE VICHY WATERS.

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Aberdeen	The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Do.	"Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis	Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Branksome Dene Hotel
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Mandurah Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dingle (Co. Kerry)	Benner's Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Barnton Hotel, Cramond Bridge
Do.	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fort William	Imperial Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Goathland	Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey	Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens	Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Letchworth	The People's House
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandrindod Wells	Ye Wells Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
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Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
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Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
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Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
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Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
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Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Nairn	Royal Marine Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
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Do.	Hotel Victoria
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Do.	Royal Hotel
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Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
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Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Private Hotel
Plymouth Hoe	Hoe Mansion Hotel
Portheawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
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Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
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Do.	Eversfield Hotel
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Salisbury	Angel Hotel
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Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
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Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Do.	Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven	Royal Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
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Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
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Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
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Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
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Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
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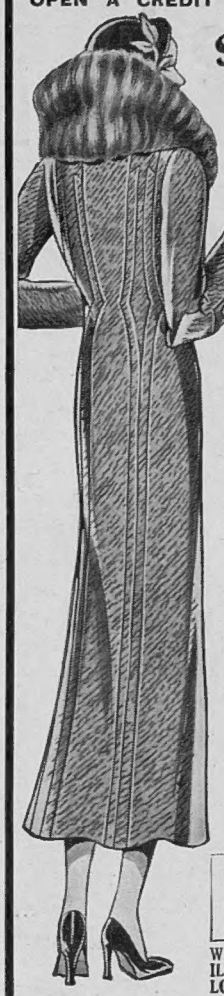

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Page 9—THE GIFT
In this picture the artist has shown our readers something of the busy last minute rush on Christmas Eve. The shoppers are thronging Regent Street. They pause to glance at the modern lay figures in the window of a costumier's establishment. One elegant creature is handing a gift of pearls to another waxen beauty.
Drawn by John Pimlott

Page 10—A CHRISTMAS CAROL PAGE
An ancient carol is embellished by a triptych by Hans Memling, reproduced in colour. It contains some kneeling ladies in the attractive fifteenth-century dress of which several examples are given in the special section dealing with Real Life in the Middle Ages. They wear the tapering head-dress of the period.
Decorations by Harold Nelson

Page 11—EILWARD OF WESTONING
In this account of a miracle of St. Thomas à Becket the reader will discover a curious first-hand document dating from the years immediately following the murder of Becket. The details leading to the arrest of Eilward, the unfortunate-fortunate are extremely quaint; as are the methods of his conviction.
Illustrated by Harold Nelson

Page 12—AT THE TOILET TABLE
The artist is a constant exhibitor at the R.A. to which he was elected Associate not long ago. The room is lit from the usual left-hand side. A delightful serenity of treatment is a note of all Mr. Knight's work.
Painting by Harold Knight

THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS
An up-to-date story of two well-to-do Australian girls and their adventures in Europe and London. No actual living persons are referred to, although the characters move about in quite familiar social resorts in London.
By Alice Williamson

Page 13—"AFTERNOON"
One of the most happy of the delightful interior conversation pictures for which this artist is famous. He also is a member of the R.A. This particular example is now on exhibition at the galleries of Mr. Newman in Duke Street, St. James's. It is well worth seeing.
Painting by L. Campbell Taylor, R.A.

Page 14—THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS (continued)
Illustration to story by John Pimlott

Page 15—THE CHARM OF STILL LIFE
Two examples of still life and flower painting are given on this page. Mr. Ward is a regular exhibitor at the R.A. Mr. Y. Tohno is a newcomer to the R.A. He has done some delightful flower compositions in recent years.
Paintings by Chas. D. Ward and Y. Tohno

Page 16—SOMETHING LIKE A CONVERSATION
An extract from Fanny Burney's *Cecilia*. A delicious example of cultured boredom on the part of the silk-clad gentleman. The artist is an expert on costume. Her books, with their coloured illustrations, are a delight to the eye and her knowledge of cuffs, laces, and farthingales is profound.
Illustrated by Iris Brooke

Page 17—THE JOY OF PRIMITIVE COLOUR
In this painting of a Czech peasant maiden, the artist records with a wealth of colour the picturesque gala dress of this East European people.
Painting by Phyllis Dodd

Pages 18-19—LOVE AND FREINDSHIP
Some extracts from the delicious parody of the earlier novelette style of the eighteenth century, written in the form of a youthful effort by the author of *Pride and Prejudice*. The mispellings are of course intentional.
By Jane Austen. Illustrations by Eileen Mayo

Page 20—REAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES
Opening page of a section dealing with life in England before the days of Henry VIII and the familiar Tudors. The fifteenth century is much less well known than the later historical periods.
Written by Mary Crosbie

Page 21—COAXING THE SHY GUEST
This is one facet of life in the fifteenth century. The host and his guests are wearing the picturesque dress of the period.
Drawn by C. Walter Hodges

Pages 22-23—REAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES—(continued)
The artist has taken a number of examples of real happenings in the fifteenth century—no mere "bringing in of the boar's head."
Illustrated by Gladys Rees

Page 24—WINTER IN THE COUNTRY
These two subjects show varied aspects of village life when the snow is on roof and road. The smaller picture, with its merry dancers, shows a village well worth a visit during the Christmas holidays.
Painted by Stanley Royle and Diana Pullinger

Page 25—THE JOY OF THE WINTER LANDSCAPE UNDER SNOW
Two camera records of snow scenes on the countryside

Page 26—SEATED IN THE PARK
A picture story of the part played by many a dog both in the past and the present.

Page 27—CHRISTMAS AT THREE PERIODS
The artist gives a vivid impression, in simple line, of the outward changes which have taken place on the observance of Christmas; concluding with the steel furniture epoch.
Drawings by Irwin Rechenberg

Page 28—EILWARD OF WESTONING—(continued)
With two illustrations of dogs well worth knowing.

Page 29—COACHING IN THE OLD DAYS
The first page of a section dealing with coaching in the past century.
From originals by C. Cooper Henderson

Pages 30 31—HELD UP ON THE EXETER ROAD
A pleasing composition by a contemporary artist, now on exhibition at Messrs. Vicars' Galleries in New Bond Street. This subject has never before been reproduced. The landscape is peculiarly attractive in this case.
Painted in oils by C. Cooper Henderson

Page 32—COACHING BY DAY AND NIGHT
Two intriguing aspects of coaching from rare prints in Mr. Frank Sabin's possession.
Drawings by J. Pollard and C. B. Newhouse

Page 33—LITTLE FAIRIES OF CHRISTMASTIDE
Camera studies of juvenile dancers preparing for a Christmas ballet.

Page 34—A VAGABOND CHRISTMAS
In a series of film-like studies the artist tells the story of a tramp's dream, but there is a flash-back—and all is well.
Drawn by Hallstone

Page 35—TEMPTATION, THE STORY OF A JUG OF CREAM
The camera-artist who took this remarkable series must have exercised no little patience, as you cannot hurry pussy in front of a camera, or at any other time.

Page 36—REAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES—(concluded)
A number of head-dresses have been gathered together from various sources to illustrate Miss Crosbie's narrative.

Page 38—THE EMPTY BED
A story of cut and thrust in the days of knee-breeches in old France. The picture is by an accomplished water-colourist.
Story by G. H. W. Ramsey. Illustration by Madeley McClintock

Pages 40-42—THE BURNING BUSH
The author tells a tale of wonder-making in the far off days before written history.
By Stephen Foy. Illustrations by Rowland Hilder

Page 44—OLD ENGLISH BALLADS
Two quaint examples are illustrated in colour. There is great naiveté of treatment, but the pictures tell their tale with no uncertain touch.

Page 46—CHILDREN'S SECTION
This page introduces several others dealing in matters interesting to children.
Drawing by Millar Watt

Page 48—WALKING TO EDINBURGH
A remarkable first-hand narrative from the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The whole story of the young Scottish footman has been published and is well worth reading.
Illustrated by W. Bryce-Hamilton

Page 49—A CHRISTMAS PICTORIAL COMPETITION
A competition for the Christmas holidays for those with a pictorial sense. The pieces make up an actual view in the "home-town" of great painters and sculptors.
Drawn by Percy Home

Page 50—THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS—(continued).
Illustration, a Dream of Christmas Day, by Anton Fikulka

Page 52—THOSE AUSTRALIAN TWINS—(continued).
Illustration, Dawns the Bright Day, by Brenda

Page 58—CHILDREN STORIES
With illustrations of some of the fascinating dolls which nowadays make Christmas shops a joy.

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